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JUDGE WEBSTER THAYER is a disgrace to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He has not merely refused a new trial to Sacco and Vanzetti; he has done so in violent, unjudicial language which strips his prejudiced mind of any pretense of unbiased judgment. William G. Thompson, who argued the case for the defense, he calls a victim of a "logo-psychic neurosis"; he refutes arguments never advanced by the defense, and repudiates the suggestion that federal officials might be willing to "railroad" a radical to the electric chair on false charges; the confession of Madeiros, which exonerated Sacco and Vanzetti, he tosses aside as that of a confessed crook, although the word of other crooks was accepted against the two Italians at their trial. This is not the verdict of law or of justice. It sounds rather like the obstinacy of an hysterical Yankee; like a man's fear to admit that he may have been wrong. Judge Thayer was not called upon to retry Sacco and Vanzetti, but to state whether the new evidence—chiefly the confessions of Madeiros and of two federal secret-service men—warranted a new trial. The published excerpts from his 20,000-word opinion give no evidence of judicial consideration of the facts. There is still one loophole; the Supreme Court of Massachusetts when the bill of exceptions comes before it may still redeem the reputation of the courts of the State.

NORWAY HAS VOTED WET—very Wet, according to American standards. By a majority of 120,000 in a vote of less than a million her citizens have declared their opposition to the present law, which bars only liquor containing 21 per cent or more of alcohol. Norway established prohibition, on a 12 per cent basis, in 1917; approved it by referendum, on a 14 per cent basis, in 1919; then raised the limit to 21 per cent, as a result of pressure by the wine-exporting, fish-importing countries (France, Spain, and Portugal). But even with this limit—a liberal beer-and-wine limit—Norway has run into the moonshine and bootlegging problems which are so familiar in this country. Evidently light wines and beer are no solution to the prohibition problem. Raising the permissible percentage of alcohol seems neither to calm the opposition nor to end wholesale defiance of the law. Possibly the Quebec system of limited, government-controlled sales will give a better report of itself. Ontario, which is now legally Dry, down to a 2.4 per cent limit, has been watching her neighbor, Quebec. Two years ago she rejected the Quebec system by a majority of 35,000. In December she will vote again—and prophets predict a reversal of the verdict.

A THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN have defied Charles L. Guy, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, in the past few weeks in New York City. They were protesting against his sweeping anti-picketing injunction, and they violated it by marching, in orderly twos and threes, past the shops which they were enjoined from picketing. The only disorder was caused by the police who arrested them wholesale; but they were not tried for contempt of court. They were not really tried at all; they were charged with disorderly conduct and condemned en masse. Three hundred of them have served from one to ten days in jail for refusing to pay the fines of from two dollars to fifty dollars which other hundreds have paid. There is no law against peaceful picketing; Justice Guy, at the behest of the Industrial Council of Cloak, Suit, and Skirt Manufacturers, made his own law in the form of an injunction. Another judge has gone so far as to declare picketing illegal where there is no strike—in the case of a paper-box factory which a union was trying to organize. Judge-made law—that modern form of tyranny—supplants democratic government in non-union Pennsylvania and in West Virginia; but in New York City the judges have hitherto been relatively restrained. It is well that the American Civil Liberties Union is preparing to fight these invasions of the territory of political self-government, beginning with a protest meeting at the Community Church on the evening of November 1.

IS THE BRITISH EMPIRE breaking up? Or merely suffering growing pains? Certainly the conference of Dominion premiers now in session in London opened in no such firm imperial atmosphere as reigned at the end of the war. Canada had just held an election in which she repudiated the party that felt closest to the British Crown; Ireland was calmly establishing her own diplomatic representatives throughout the world; South Africa's Prime

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Minister had just repeated his claim of sovereignty and independence within the empire—an ambiguous formula. The assumption that the six self-governing nations of the empire could consult together constantly, formulate a common foreign policy, and accept joint responsibility for it has broken down, as even that organ of empire, the *Round Table*, admits. It worked at the Peace Conference in 1919 and at Washington in 1921; but it was weakened by the aggressive British policy in Turkey, from which the Dominions recoiled, and by Lord Curzon's insistence upon his right to negotiate alone at Lausanne. The Locarno treaties marked a new turn. Article IX read:

> The present treaty shall impose no obligation upon any of the British Dominions, or upon India, unless the Government of such Dominion, or of India, signifies its acceptance thereof.

NO DOMINION has yet signified such acceptance—not even Australia or New Zealand, often more imperial-minded than Downing Street itself. That marks the burial of the theory of a joint imperial foreign policy. Closer communications, more consultation, may be worked out, and doubtless noble-sounding resolutions will be drafted, but the Dominions are drifting away from rather than closer to the empire. Even the trade figures show the trend. Imperial preferences, special tariffs, agitation and propaganda have not availed—in the past ten years England's share of the trade of every one of the Dominions has declined, while despite the tariff handicaps the United States has increased its percentage. What does all this mean? Certainly not that the empire is collapsing; but, probably, that geography and economics outweigh historical sentiment, and that the days when a tiny island could dominate the world are done.

MORE THAN ONCE Signor Mussolini has found that the Pope did not agree with the high-handed methods of government favored by the Fascists, but until now no visible opposition has been offered by King Victor Emmanuel. From the day four years ago when His Majesty, on the steps of the royal palace, presented the leader of the Fascists with the keys to the city of Rome, so to speak, the two minds have seemingly thought as one; so much so, indeed, that many outsiders have asked just who was the real king of Italy. Victor Emmanuel now declares that he is; that the new decree reestablishing capital punishment for attempts on the life of members of the royal family or of the Prime Minister is distasteful to him; and that he has no intention of signing such a measure. He has the best sort of precedent for his decision; his father, Umberto, suffered two unsuccessful attempts at assassination before the third which carried him off in 1900, yet he steadfastly refused to countenance the death penalty. His son, on ascending the throne, refused also, although Parliament at that time wished to enact such a decree; and he has continued in his opposition to it in spite of one attempt on his own life. At the opening of Parliament in November the issue between king and minister will be fought out. Meantime, Il Duce must take his chances, not only with his life but with a good part of his prestige in jeopardy.

"SMITH HITS MILLS"; "Mills Hits Smith"; "Smith Denies Mills Charges"; "Mills Declares Smith Prevaricates"—thus *ad nauseam* have run the headlines in the New York papers during the campaign just ending. It has been a battle of personalities; the retorts courteous and discourteous have been overworked to a degree. It has been a campaign of fluids—rum, milk, and water. Representative Mills has insulted the intelligence of the State in asking the electorate to believe that Governor Smith has deliberately connived at the selling of bad milk. On the other hand, his opponents have had no difficulty in showing Mr. Mills's affiliations with big business and particularly with the public-service companies. Between Judge Wagner and Senator Wadsworth the debate has ranged from arguments as to which is the wetter to the question who would go further in his opposition to prohibition. So that personalities should not be lacking in this fight, too, the Democrats have dug up a remark of Theodore Roosevelt to the effect that "It is rarely that a public man champions the right of big business to do wrong as openly as Mr. Wadsworth." This has rather dazed the Wadsworthites. Yet it need not have worried them, for the ex-President was calling nearly every one of his old associates names and likening them to burglars and second-story men in the Progressive campaign. Curiously enough, despite all this mud-slinging the populace has found its radio and its sport pages far more thrilling, and we venture to predict that when the votes are counted "Al" Smith will be more firmly seated at Albany than ever and the total of the poll will show that the campaign has raged most hotly in the columns of the press.

BAD COOKING has probably done more damage in the world than even crooked politics. It seems to have been at the bottom of the flurry in Arizona over the attempt to colonize there a group of Porto Rican laborers at the invitation of the Cotton Growers' Association of the State. Porto Rico is much overpopulated and emigration is officially encouraged whenever there are thought to be adequate guaranties of fair treatment and reasonable hope of success for the emigrants in the new field. The proposals of the Arizona cotton planters had been approved by the Porto Rican Government, and the first group of some 500 emigrants was accompanied by an official commissioner. But, alas, the first meal aboard ship, although consisting of the national dish, rice and beans, was cooked "American style"! Some of it was thrown into the sea and trouble began right there. Porto Rican cooks were hastily commandeered for the rest of the voyage, but the seeds of discord had been sown. There were continued objections thereafter, and when they arrived at their destination near Phoenix many of the Porto Ricans refused to go to work. Various local labor bodies took up the fight, declaring that the cotton growers were paying the Porto Ricans less than the rate paid other workers last year. It is a difficult dispute to unravel at long range, but the report of the official commissioner, which emphasizes the disastrous effect of rice and beans "American style," reveals an acumen unusual in state papers.

THE RIGHT OF NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRLS to wear knickers or overalls in place of dresses is still being debated. Thus in Kentucky a young lady in overalls was permitted to remain at school, after her mother had sent her with a letter comparing her attire with the short skirts and rolled stockings of certain teachers, while in Jeffersonville, Indiana, Virginia Allen in knickers is still banned from the benefits of education and her case is to be brought to trial in another county. Just what charges are to be

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brought against Virginia *The Nation* does not know. She may be corrupting the morals of her fellow-pupils, or presenting a spectacle that so fills them with envy—at least the girls—as to make it impossible for them to give attention to their studies. The chairman of the school board may be in the female-clothing business; the boys of the school may be demanding the time-honored right of men only to trousers. But whatever the charge, *The Nation* hopes that Virginia will come out of the trial with colors flying. And in order to buoy her up a bit in a difficult situation, let it be whispered that there are schools in New York City, and perhaps in other sections of the United States, where any child, male or female, who appears without a pair of overalls to be worn over his or her other clothing is frowned upon, ostracized, and sometimes even sent home in disgrace.

A SCIENTIST HELD IN HIS HAND last week a glass tube; it was discharging a stream of electrons at a rate roughly equal to the electrons thrown off by a ton of radium. To date, less than a pound of radium has been found and utilized in the world; at current market rates, a ton of radium would be worth one hundred billion dollars. A moderately valuable tube that Dr. W. D. Coolidge has created at his Schenectady laboratory! He has named it the cathode tube, and with it he can control streams of countless billions of electrons, traveling at the rate of 150,000 miles a second. The tube is capable of generating 350,000 volts of electricity. So far the discovery lies chiefly in the realm of pure science, and as such it is announced to be one of the truly great achievements of the century. The practical utilization of this inconceivable bombardment of angry electrons has not yet been made public, if indeed it is known, but its applications in metallurgy, medicine, and other fields are likely to be revolutionary.

EX-SENATOR RICHARD F. PETTIGREW, whose death occurred recently, was a man of honor and courage wedded to an old-fashioned America which was opposed to militarism, war, imperialism, and the control of our government by and for big business. So he was a thorn in the flesh while serving as Senator from South Dakota in Washington from 1880 to 1901. Being often far in advance of his times and being given to speaking most unpalatable truths, he was variously dubbed a Populist, a demagogue, and a wild-eyed visionary. Bolshevist he would have been called had the word been known then. The frankness of the man is well illustrated by his saying to Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay that the Colonel should not run for President on a third ticket: "All you can accomplish is to elect Woodrow Wilson, and that will be national disaster." To which Roosevelt replied: "Oh, well, we might as well suffer four years under Wilson as four more years under Taft." For expressing his opinion about the World War, as he had nobly spoken out about the Spanish and Philippine Wars, he was arrested and nearly sent to jail. But nothing could daunt this patriot or prevent his saying what he thought, on the stump and in his books. The League of Nations was to him a "league to perpetuate war" and so he would have none of it. Against American imperialism in Hawaii, Cuba, and the Caribbean he preached insistently. In this field the country needs dozens like him. Finally he came to the extreme view that all capital is robbery and that there was no hope of setting America straight until the workers assumed the direction of economic policy and took "the full product that they create."

TWO FUNERAL SERVICES marked the passing of Thomas Mott Osborne. There was the usual gathering of relatives and friends mourning the death of one whom they loved as a person or admired as a man of position and distinguished service. There was also an assemblage of twelve hundred convicted criminals in Auburn prison saying farewell with a visible sense of personal loss to their beloved friend "Tom Brown"—the man who had made known to the nation and to the world at large the horrors of the American prison system. The second service was more touching and more deeply significant than the first. As Tom Brown he had gone behind the bars and had eaten and slept and worked as a common convict. From the depth of this and other experiences with prison life he spoke and wrote his indictment of the brutality and ignorant repression that marked the management of almost every prison in the country. As warden of Sing Sing prison, in the face of political attack of the most calculated indecency, he introduced a system of self-government and a method of humane treatment which was watched with sympathy and interest by the leading penologists of the world. His failings as an administrator never obscured the human success of his work. He believed warmly in the capacity of everyone to achieve, under the influence of trust and fair treatment, a measure of self-respect and control; and his genius lay in his ability to win from warped and embittered social outcasts a genuine response. He will be remembered for his amazing success in penetrating to the heart of the convict and the conscience of the public.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for 1926 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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The Great Free-Trade Manifesto

OUR readers who recall that *The Nation* has been advocating free trade ever since its foundation in 1865 as the most constructive and most pacific measure this country could possibly adopt will understand our elation over the bankers' manifesto in favor of free trade, published throughout the world on October 19. We have reprinted it elsewhere in this issue for purposes of record because we believe it to be a shining milestone of human progress. Here are many of the foremost bankers in the world who have come together to admit the truth of what liberals have been saying again and again since the wicked peace, that the greatest need of the world is the leveling of all tariff barriers. So much a matter of common sense has it been that we could not see how any one could question it. Were the new European states created merely to stem the flow of goods? Were the hatreds of after-the-war to be measured by the height of the tariff walls?

Well, at least the leading financiers have come to see that vastly more important for the restoration of Europe and for its relations to the United States is the sweeping away of these Chinese walls of protection. They have come to it not as idealists or theorists but as practical, hard-headed business men. It has taken war's aftermath to make them appreciate what they should have learned long ago from the history of the United States and from the amazing rise of Germany after the Zollverein of 1832-1835, when it abolished all the tariff and customs walls between the several German states. It was this that created modern Germany and led directly to the proclamation of the empire at Versailles in 1871. If it is right and wise for the small states of Europe to put up barriers against one another today Germany should hasten to restore the tariffs between her several parts. No one would dream of advocating it.

Now these financiers are alarmed because "at no period have impediments to trading been more perilously multiplied without a true appreciation of the economic consequences involved." They point out that the breakup of the old political units alone dealt a heavy blow to international trade. Old markets disappeared and new racial animosities divided communities long since united in trade. Licenses, tariffs, prohibitions of all kinds were imposed, with the result that prosperity rapidly declined. The change of flags in itself would not have meant so much. Thus, the transfer of Silesian mines from Germany to Poland would have made little difference if there had not been erected immediately a tariff wall to make it more difficult for Germans to buy Polish coal. The bankers are right when they say that "too many states, in pursuit of false ideas of national interest, have imperiled their own welfare and lost sight of the common interests of the world, by basing their commercial relations on the economic folly which treats all trading as a form of war."

On the contrary, trade ought to be one of the greatest bonds to tie nations together, to mingle their interests so that it should be impossible for war to arise. Always believers in free trade on economic grounds, we have of late years been more than ever impressed by its necessity to pacify the nations that were lately in the war and prevent any further trade rivalries of the purely nationalistic kind which too often insure war. Richard Cobden was, of course, a leader in suggesting the relation of free trade to peace. "It has often struck me," he wrote, "that it would be well to engraft our free-trade agitation upon the peace movement." Again, writing on September 14, 1859, he said that he saw in free trade the only hope "for any permanent improvements in the political relations of France and England. I utterly despair of finding peace and harmony in the efforts of governments and diplomatists. The people of the two nations must be brought into mutual dependence by the supply of each other's wants. There is no other way of counteracting the antagonism of language and race. It is God's own method of producing an *entente cordiale*, and no other plan is worth a farthing." If these words were just and true then, they are still more applicable to the war-wrecked nations of Europe today.

Now, if we in this country were really desirous of helping Europe there would be universal acclaim of the sound position taken by the bankers. Instead, the protectionist dailies, Mr. Mellon, and the President have fallen over one another in their eagerness to have the American people understand that that is all very well for Europe, but has nothing to do with the United States. We must and shall, they say, uphold that hoary old fraud, that breeder of socialism, that widener of class differences, that mother of trusts —our protective system. And they take this position at the very moment when our differences with Europe over the war debts are so much to the front, when everybody knows that since our debtors can pay us only in goods we can help them to pay—if we insist upon those debts—only by lowering or abolishing our tariffs. It is a fair measure of the parochial quality of Mr. Coolidge's mind that he takes this attitude and arranges for Mr. Mellon to reassure at the earliest possible moment the protected manufacturers of America. It does not surprise us, however. For fifty years the Republican Party has battened on the graft of the protective tariff. It has filled its coffers with campaign contributions sometimes wrung from the protected, sometimes freely offered in order that the donors might dictate the schedules of the next tariff bill.

But if America lags we may rest assured that the campaign now started by the bankers will go on in increasing measure. It is one of those issues that cannot be settled until it is settled aright, and the continuing disorganization of Europe through tariffs makes it absolutely certain that the fight will go on with increasing vigor. Without free trade Europe must languish. The recent free-trade congress in Denmark and the first Pan-European conference held under the leadership of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi in Vienna at the beginning of October are signs of the times, for Pan-Europe and free trade are nearly synonymous. As for the American bankers, headed by Mr. J. P. Morgan, who have signed this momentous document, we congratulate them upon their courage and vision. They will be heartily abused for their share in it, we are well aware. But, as we have frequently pointed out, the battle is on between the American financiers who have invested great sums abroad and the protected manufacturers. The harder they fight the nearer the day when justice shall be done and the American people be led to adopt the only sound international economic policy.

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Eugene Victor Debs

"GENE DEBS was the only Jesus Christ I ever knew." So Sam Moore, an embittered Negro convict faced with lifelong imprisonment, explained to the warden of Atlanta Penitentiary the extraordinary effect upon him of 'Gene Debs's friendship. 'Gene Debs was a man who evoked that extravagant, almost unbelievable, type of affection in thousands upon thousands of his fellow-men. He evoked it because he gave it. At his funeral services in Terre Haute Victor Berger said that Debs went beyond the Biblical command to love thy neighbor as thyself, for he loved his neighbor better than himself, and the vast crowd with tear-stained faces solemnly nodded assent.

To this love for human beings Debs added a love for humanity. The two are not always combined. The concern for humanity, the vision, the dauntless courage, the uncompromising spirit of the prophet and pioneer may be consistent with a ruthless disregard for the immediate interests of individual human beings. It was not so with Debs. His courage was born of love. His passion for mankind, his hope for the workers grew out of the love of comrades, not only as they might become but as they were with all their faults and weaknesses. In this combination of dauntless prophet, far-seeing idealist, and simple lover of men lay the man's greatness.

Debs embraced the cause of the workers from choice and not necessity. The outward circumstances of his early life and his own gifts were of a sort that would have led him naturally to political and financial success. Indeed, while he was still a very young man, he made a successful beginning in local politics. But his sympathies, long before he was a Socialist, were with the workers. Our generation has almost forgotten that Debs began as an unusually successful labor organizer. He was the founder of the present Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. When he became convinced that this form of craft organization was not adequate to the needs of the railway workers he resigned his $4,000-a-year position to become president of the American Railway Union at $900 a year. The world still remembers that union and its part in the Pullman strike. The strike and the union were both broken by Grover Cleveland's use of United States troops against the protest of Governor Altgeld of Illinois. This strike, too, was marked by the beginning of government by injunction, and Debs was sent to jail for six months on a charge of contempt—the forerunner of a series of similar acts of judicial tyranny.

In prison Debs first learned of Socialism and became a Socialist, although not until after the first Bryan campaign did he irrevocably tie his fortunes to that movement. Following his release from prison Debs undertook to raise and pay off $40,000 of debts accumulated by the American Railway Union. This obligation he fulfilled at great cost to himself at a time when not even the creditors of the union held him responsible.

From 1897 on, Debs's life and fortunes were inextricably mingled with those of the Socialist movement. Five times he was its candidate for President. He was not primarily a builder of policies, nor in his later years an organizer. He was a flaming spirit, a living incarnation of an ideal. That ideal was an ideal of uncompromising struggle, but of struggle by non-violent methods. The victory he wanted was a victory of peace. It was impossible that Debs could believe the European war a war for democracy, or that any war could end war. So he made himself the spokesman of the Socialist ideal of peace through an understanding between the workers of the world. For his devotion to liberty and peace he was sentenced to ten years of penal servitude. Today it seems almost unthinkable that on the basis of his famous Canton speech any man could have been convicted. In no sense were his words pro-German. They did not ask American troops to lay down their arms. They were a plea for the end of war, for the recognition of Russia, for the preservation of liberty at home. Yet that speech, during a "war for democracy," sent a man past sixty years of age, suffering from the heart disease which finally resulted in his death, to jail with common felons. Worse still, after the armistice Debs was kept in jail by the personal vindictiveness of a President who had himself acknowledged the economic causes of the war as plainly as the man whom he held prisoner. It was left to President Harding, in response to public demand, to restore Debs to freedom. Neither he nor President Coolidge gave him back his citizenship.

Of Debs's permanent place in the history of the labor movement and of social progress it is too early to speak. Philosophically, in spite of the Communist attempt to claim him, he was an extreme democrat, a convinced believer in freedom. However much he might admire the achievements of Russia, he never could identify himself with any sort of dictatorship. Our generation with its little faith in the common man may find his philosophy old-fashioned. Temporarily, at least, it has lost much of its appeal. Yet Debs himself was the sort of man who gives one new confidence in men and their possibilities. That he was what he was, that he loved as he loved, is reason for hope. He belongs to the republic of the immortals whose memory is a living inspiration to mankind.

Mr. Asquith Retires

LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH he is now, but as plain Mr. Asquith history will record him. For a generation he has bulked large in the annals of the British Liberal Party and of his country. Yet his retirement from the leadership of the Liberals finds them at the lowest ebb of their existence; by one of his last and most mistaken acts the remnant of the Liberal forces was again divided in half. Moreover, his unexpected retirement at this time practically turns over the leadership of Liberalism to Lloyd George, the very man whom he savagely attacked after the coal strike because Lloyd George sympathized in some degree with the striking miners and with that notable evidence of labor solidarity which found its expression in the general strike. A typical old-fashioned Liberal leader, cultured, trained by long years of experience and public service, Asquith retires too late to conceal the fact that his day is done. As the Baltimore *Sun* well puts it, "he retires because he must accept the verdict of his time that he no longer is of use, in any large sense or field."

A pathetic withdrawal? Perhaps, if one regards only his pre-war career, but well merited if one considers his taking England into the World War. For he was, with Sir Edward Grey, party to that monstrous deceit of his own party, of the Cabinet, and of the country, by which Great Britain was secretly committed to enter into a war if

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France and Belgium were attacked. Repeatedly in response to public and private inquiries he and Sir Edward Grey quibbled. "This country is not under any obligation not public and known to Parliament which compels it to take part in any war" he told Parliament on March 24, 1913, in reply to a question by Joseph King. "If war arises between European Powers there are no unpublished agreements which will restrict or hamper the freedom of the Government or of the Parliament to decide whether or not Great Britain should participate in a war." Naval and military conversations had already made that statement a deliberate lie, and when the war came the British people were calmly plunged into it without time for consideration, without time for expressing their opinion; and the false plea that it was for Belgium's sake was set up further to delude the British public and the world. Then and there the doom of the Liberal Party was sealed; for Liberalism to strike hands with the war god is to invite the destruction which came. The Liberal Party stood shoulder to shoulder against the Boer War and came triumphantly into power under Campbell-Bannerman. It fell under Asquith at the very moment it combined with the Conservatives to carry on a war which cost 1,500,000 Englishmen their lives and earned no satisfactory peace, no rewards worth while, not even if one considers the stretches of territory brought under the British flag.

But it was not even given to Asquith to carry the war through to success. A sordid intrigue between Lloyd George and the millionaire press-owners who sought to rule the country and direct the war resulted in the usurper's taking Asquith's place. One would have thought the victim of this conspiracy would then and there have broken with Lloyd George instead of in 1926. But a desire to hold on to office, to be in the thick of things—or to serve, if one pleases—kept Asquith in office. The end of the war found him utterly helpless; the bankruptcy of Liberalism was his own. He had nothing to contribute, no new ideas to advance. He agreed by silence to Lloyd George's Hang-the-Kaiser campaign. He had nothing to say against the bad peace; his tongue could frame no words to spell a policy toward the beaten foe comparable to Campbell-Bannerman's wise and magnanimous policy toward the defeated Boers, which constitutes one of the brightest and noblest episodes in British history. Facing stupendous economic and financial problems, he had no advice to give, no solution to offer. He was spent, wasted, and finished, and with him his party.

There are Englishmen in plenty to say that England is naturally Liberal and that Liberalism is certain again to come into its own. It may be so, but the war is not so easily absolved. Certainly a new type of leader must be found. The land-radicalism of Lloyd George will not sweep the country, if only because Lloyd George is himself so wholly without character or stability. Moreover, there is a coldness in the *laissez-faire*, individualist doctrines of the elder Liberal school quite unsuited to the present needs. Asquith illustrated well in his legalistic attitude toward the general strike how inadequate Liberalism is today, for he could see in it nothing but a threat to the state. The quality of sympathy strained and sifted by legal-minded politicians loses its meaning. The masses who clamor for bread will not turn to a man who sees in their appeal for a chance to live decently only a move against the government—a government which spent a million and a half lives to carry out a secret agreement and to throw other millions into the torture of the battlefield.

Mr. Asquith is not the only "statesman" outworn, done for, morally and spiritually. But it is because of such as these that England is in the travail which is hers today.

Critics and Criticized

THE death of Henry T. Finck, for all of his active life the musical critic of the *Evening Post* and for thirty-five years a most valued reviewer and writer for *The Nation*, suggests anew the question whether a critic of the arts should or should not enter into friendships with those whom he must criticize. Mr. Finck's colleague, the veteran J. Ranken Towse, who for an even longer period has been writing of the drama for the *Evening Post*, has invariably refused to meet actor or actress. Being once lured into a room and introduced to one of the profession, his dismay was in no wise concealed; for he could no longer, after forty years, boast that he had never met a Thespian.

Few critics pass a similarly self-denying ordinance. Mr. Finck was not one of them. A man of most shining honesty, of guileless innocence in many matters, he found in the companionship of artists an unending stimulus in his writing, the source of much information and of endless personal anecdotes with which he enriched his newspaper and magazine writing. If he progressed as a critic it was often, he felt, because he had come to know through his contacts with the musical world how difficult is the lot of the musician, particularly if the musician be a member of such an organization as the Metropolitan Opera Company. Yet it would be idle to deny that he was, at times, influenced by his warm and sympathetic nature. He could never write with complete detachment of Paderewski or of certain singers like Geraldine Farrar or of that superb artist, Jean de Reszke, with whom he came into personal contact. That he was sublimely unconscious of any bias was apparent. And when he felt that certain conductors or performers were to be unfavorably criticized he often went for them with a passion which made people believe, erroneously, that there was involved some personal spite.

Quite the contrary. His ardent nature similarly abhorred Brahms and worshiped Wagner. When the latter's works were new and it was the fashion in New York to deride and abuse anyone who dared to think that the precious stuff of this crazy German composer was music, Mr. Finck's championship of him was so passionate that many were the stories that he had taken money to write as he did. He took sides when he knew the composer or artist; he did so if he never met them in the flesh. Honest and learned, he was profoundly jealous, as every critic ought to be, of his right to absolute freedom of utterance, and promptly resigned once when through a comical error he thought that for the first time in thirty-five years his copy had been edited after leaving his desk. He was beyond every influence save that of his emotions.

As temperaments vary, so will opinions as to whether a critic should hold himself aloof from those he must pass upon. Undoubtedly, Mr. Towse's renunciation is the safer rule. But the question still arises whether judgments may not be rightly modified if through personal contacts one comes to know and appreciate the struggles and personalities of those whom one discusses.

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A Political Crisis in Education

By CHAPIN COLLINS

THERE are high doings in the State of Washington. On one side is the Governor of the State. He is Roland H. Hartley, successful logger, who gracefully and picturesquely refers to his opponents as "goggle-eyed jackasses, skunks, sons of guns, and blatherskites," and has told his friends he doesn't believe in state education beyond the eighth grade.

On the other side, as its chief figure, is Henry Suzzallo, recently ousted president of the University of Washington, one-time head of the Association of American University Presidents, former professor of education at Columbia, editor of the Riverside Educational Monographs, member of the Institute of International Education and the British Royal Society of Literature, and an elector in the Hall of Fame.

The sudden but not unexpected dismissal of Dr. Suzzallo as president of the University of Washington, after an administration of eleven years, is the climax of a long educational controversy in the Northwestern commonwealth. It was done on October 4 by order of a board of regents, the majority members of which were appointed by the Governor, it has been charged, for the specific purpose of "getting" Suzzallo. On the other hand, the Governor denies any part in the action of his regents, who declare they found the university head "meddling in politics."

The dismissal has been followed by as spectacular a flare of newspaper resentment as the State of Washington has ever seen, has stirred loud demand for recall or impeachment, and was accompanied by a sensational student demonstration, 4,000 of them gathering before Dr. Suzzallo's home on the campus the evening of the dismissal, bearing torchlights and chanting "Strike, strike, strike!" This threat brought from Dr. Suzzallo his only public comment on his dismissal.

"I have given my life to the University of Washington," he said. "I want you to do the same. Do not strike. Attend your classes tomorrow. Will you do this for me?"

The regents' action has made education the paramount political issue in Washington, an issue that submerges consideration of national questions. Despite all but unanimous newspaper condemnation of the Governor, who was swept into office by a huge majority two years ago, he still is conceded political strength, particularly in eastern Washington and certain rural sections where the university has been regarded with suspicion and Suzzallo's salary—$18,000 a year—as a hold-up. It is pertinent to observe, however, that he has refused $25,000 from another university.

But the situation in Washington has national significance so far as education is concerned, regardless of the merits of the immediate controversy. It precipitates the question: Who is to control our State education? Are legislatures to rule? Are our universities to be dominated, in finance and educational policy, by an uncertain legislative majority? In finance *and* educational policy, for the first means the second. Or is the Governor to have authority, as he seems to have in Washington? Or are boards of regents or the faculty to have power, and if they ought to have it, how are they to gain it?

Unless Governor Hartley is sustained by the voters who elect a new legislature this fall—and this seems unlikely—the Washington Legislature will enact laws to take unto itself the rule of the university, and will deprive the Governor of the power he now wields. This will block the incumbent, but does it mark reform? Do we want legislative majorities dictating educational policy?

The Washington situation may be duplicated in many States of the Union. The institutions of higher learning there, as elsewhere, are governed by boards of regents, appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate. Members of the board may be removed, the law says, for cause, without defining specifically what the cause may be. The Governor appoints, the Senate confirms, the courts interpret—truly a perfect example of checks and balances. But in the State of Washington an executive, with great measure of success, has overridden legally enacted laws, has removed and appointed regents without apparent cause, and has effectively demonstrated that the American scene is as subject to dictatorship as are other nations not safeguarded by sacred and inspired constitutions.

The State University is Washington's most obvious achievement. It occupies a magnificent campus of some 400 acres in the heart of Seattle. Its ultimate endowment, now restricted by leasehold of valuable metropolitan property, will place it among the richest institutions of the nation. Famed for husky crews and championship football teams, its academic standing has steadily improved.

In a sense the university is a personal achievement, that of Dr. Suzzallo. A noted educator before he came to the university eleven years ago from Columbia, he has led the march from "cow college" to real university. Much of the advance has necessarily been on the material side to meet an astounding increase in the number of those demanding attendance; it has been a work against odds, a constant battle for sufficient appropriations and a work that has been hampered by unavoidable compromise. Dr. Suzzallo, American-born son of Dalmatian parents, has something of the Mussolini in him, an instinct for leadership, perhaps a liking for control.

During the war Dr. Suzzallo's leadership was recognized in his appointment to the post of chairman of the State Council of Defense, charged with keeping industrial peace. To prevent warfare in the vital lumber industry, the council, under Dr. Suzzallo, urged the eight-hour day in logging camps. Chief of the vehement opposition was one Roland H. Hartley, successful logger. When this same Hartley was elected governor two years ago on a "business in government" platform, trouble between the university head and the new State executive was momentarily expected.

Hartley's first legislature had no sooner come together than it adjourned, on his request. He wanted, he explained, to make an "economic survey," in order to formulate a scientific program of tax reduction. Just how to reduce governmental expenditures in a developing State, intent upon good roads and many of them, devoted to reclamation, proud of its low percentage of illiteracy—all expensive wants—and engaged, moreover, in constructing a new capitol group

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costing nearly $10,000,000, was a problem. Perhaps that is why Hartley decided upon education, the biggest item in the taxpayers' bill. He came before the legislature with an attack upon educational "frills and foibles," and declared:

Higher education, particularly the university, was running hog-wild on expenditures.

Its development made the educational system topheavy, with undue emphasis upon higher rather than elementary education.

The administration of the State's five institutions of higher learning—university, State college, and three normal schools—was inefficient, authority being scattered among the various boards of regents.

Therefore, all boards of regents should be abolished and all institutions lumped under one central board appointed by the Governor.

This proposal was a bombshell. "Frills and foibles" had been heard at every previous legislative session, but demand for a central board, appointed by the Governor, stirred such determined opposition that the Governor himself was surprised. There were those who recalled Hartley's disbelief in State education beyond the eighth grade, the proposal was assailed as ruinous to the natural development of each institution according to its needs, and university alumni pronounced the Governor actuated by hatred for the university and its president, Dr. Suzzallo.

The docile legislature, which had meekly gone home at the Governor's bidding, bucked. It ignored the Governor's advice and made its appropriations for higher education. The Governor vetoed the bill. Hartley's strength in the legislature was known to be powerful, and it was openly charged that he used the appointment of four men to newly created judgeships to swing the vote. At any rate, he was strong enough to have his veto sustained by a narrow margin in one house, although it was overriden in the other. But the majority of the House, refusing to accept defeat, mustered its forces again, and on reconsideration put the appropriations through over the veto after turbulent sessions.

Victory won, the legislators went home.

Hartley was not through. Before long every board of regents in the State received notice from the Governor directing it not to spend the increased appropriations made by the legislature but to confine itself to the previous lower amount, on the ground that the lawmakers had acted "irregularly." As the largest institution, the university was hardest hit. Fire had destroyed its mines building, a new library building awaited completion, and nearly 7,000 students were clamoring for admission, the largest number in history. In the face of these pressing needs, it was recognized the university board could hardly do otherwise than follow the will of the legislature, and disregard the Governor. But just two days before the board was to meet Hartley removed two regents, "for cause" unexplained. This gave him a majority of the board, four to three, and in due course the regents voted, four to three, not to expend the money the legislature had provided.

Of course, the ousted regents protested and carried their dismissal to the courts, but the State Supreme Court held that "cause" was a matter within the discretion of the Governor. This achieved, Hartley, for good measure, removed another regent, also for unexplained cause, and named one of his own choice to the place.

These actions were accompanied by speeches from the Governor in which he charged an attempt was being made by certain interests to rob the State of valuable timber properties, and he declared the educational issue was being raised as a smoke-screen. He studiously avoided reference to Dr. Suzzallo, who remained silent himself, but when the *Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, recognized as the Governor's strongest newspaper friend, published an interview in which Hartley was quoted as vigorously assailing the university head, it was generally regarded as authentic.

In this statement, now known as the "dago interview," Governor Hartley was quoted as saying: "Dr. Suzzallo does not know me. I was born in America and not in Italy, and if they want to put the head of this State government at the University of Washington, all right. But until then it will remain at Olympia. One man will run it and that will be me."

While the opposition press gleefully pointed out that Dr. Suzzallo was born in California and Hartley himself in Canada, the Governor repudiated the interview, declaring it false and stating: "I didn't know I was being interviewed."

The revamped board of regents, after following Hartley's will regarding appropriations, led an uneventful career until this October. It reaffirmed its contract with Dr. Suzzallo and favorably disposed of several of his recommendations. It had one brush with the alumni association—charging the latter with political meddling—but its attempt to investigate alumni files was frustrated by the sudden removal of the alumni office from the campus.

Then, without warning and behind closed doors, the regents, five to two, demanded Dr. Suzzallo's resignation on October 4, this action following a hotel conference between the Governor and the majority members of the board. Since that date the Supreme Court by unanimous decision has ruled that the legislature acted legally in passing the appropriation bill over the Governor's veto, and has directed the State Tax Commission, which was appointed by Hartley, to base its levies on the 1925 law. This decision is the first event in the long controversy at all favorable to the Governor's opponents, and suggests that in the long run the policies of the executive will be defeated. Certain it is that the Senate, barring an upset at the November election, will refuse to confirm Hartley's regents.

But meanwhile an able university head has been ousted after eleven years of effective service, the president of one normal school has resigned in disgust, the university faculty is demoralized, and an effort has been set on foot to recall the Governor. Perhaps worst of all, the Legislature, if the 1925 majority is returned to office, will take over the educational reins itself.

It is difficult to understand how a State university, depending for its funds upon the will of politically chosen legislators and executives, can remain aloof from politics. Therein lies the essential failure of State-controlled education, as the chronicle of happenings in the State of Washington reveals. It might have been almost any other State. Are State institutions free elsewhere, or must they enter the political arena, trade and barter, accept the necessary mess of pottage in return for their birthright, academic independence?

Will it ever be possible for such a plum to be divorced from politics, utterly severed from executive whim or legislative passion? Will it ever come to pass that these two duly constituted authorities, with the approbation of the people, will place education in the hands of educators?

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Germany Revisited

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Baden-Baden, September 28

"THE one bright spot in Europe," I heard Germany called in London amid a general chorus of pessimism and gloom—the one bright spot economically and financially. And so I found it after visiting some ten cities and spending a number of weeks within its confines. Not that Germany presents to the visitor any startling picture of happiness and prosperity. Far from it. If the cities are outwardly repaired and no longer sadly down at the heel, there is still enormous suffering behind the newly stuccoed fronts of the great apartment houses. Indeed, if you should talk with the average German he would tell you of hardships, disappointments, losses, and almost intolerable suffering, in considerable part due to the necessary process of sanitation and of reorganization. To get the measure of progress, therefore, one must compare the Germany of today with that which I saw in 1923; one must not look at individual trees but at the health of the forest as a whole. If one does that, then the conclusion is irresistible that Germany has gained enormously in three years and that, if nothing untoward happens, this conquered country will in a few years surpass in prosperity and economic health her chief rivals of the World War—if indeed she has not already done so.

Primarily, the greatest change is in the mental attitude of the people themselves. Three years ago they were still smarting under their overwhelming defeat and the stigma put upon them by the Allied nations of being mad dogs deliberately bent upon wrecking the world that they might dominate it for their own selfish purposes. Today they have put nearly all of that behind them—save only the extreme Nationalists and the survivors of the old military caste. They are spiritually disarmed. They have said *Schluss* to the war episode and they can now talk about it with amazing detachment and objectiveness. They can see far more clearly the errors they, or rather their rulers, made. The lapse of years, of course, makes it easier for them to review the past without bitterness, with clearer perceptions of all the factors involved, with a real understanding of the way they and all the other nations were betrayed by their rulers. This is remarkable to an American who knows how long it took to win over the defeated Confederacy to an acceptance of the results of its appeal to arms.

Three years ago there was still a lot of whining and complaining in Germany. Today, even those who say to you frankly that they do not see how Germany can meet the crushing burdens of the 1927 and 1928 Dawes payments discuss the situation without complaint. It has become a purely financial problem, and many of them see that the compulsion to work and to economize and to live simply which the Dawes plan exercises is really a boon; that it is compelling a discipline of enormous value in holding a beaten and stricken people together. One hears, I repeat, of innumerable cases of dreadful suffering, especially among what is left of the middle class. Appeals for aid in genuine cases of utter despair and absolute poverty pile up. For here is a country in which old age has become something terrible, since all savings have been wiped out, every before-the-war life-insurance policy is valueless, all endowment funds for hospitals, homes for the aged, schools, universities, and the rest have been wiped out; every provision for age has vanished. Thousands upon thousands of people who felt their futures safe have nothing whatever to look forward to. The more favorably situated can just make both ends meet, but they cannot spend an extra three marks for a concert ticket; as for the journeys they so loved, they are now prisoners the year around in the places where they happen to be. On top of all this the so-called "rationalization" of industry, the wiping out of myriads of unnecessary businesses, together with the great combinations that are being formed is constantly throwing multitudes into bankruptcy or depriving them of their places. It is easy to understand the reparation official in Berlin who declared that he could not continue to hold his position if he allowed his mind to dwell upon the cases of individual hardship which came before him.

There is still alarming unemployment, now gradually decreasing, as Parker Gilbert, that extraordinary American official in charge of reparations, has prophesied that it would, but still so ominous as to make Germany ask herself, like England, if there are not several millions too many of her citizens in the world. This unemployment does not, of course, include only those who appear at the registry offices. There are multitudes of others, not of the manual-labor class, who can find no work to do, or are breaking their hearts in positions wholly unsuited to them. Among those who have jobs the pay is often preposterous. I know of a chief engineer in a going Berlin engineering concern who gets less than $100 a month, while ordinary servants can be had for from $6 a month up. This particular chief engineer is only one of many who daily watch every barometer of trade with trembling hearts because they know that if their work fails them they cannot hope to find other jobs. Everywhere businesses stagnate or fail for lack of capital. Finally, there is the grave lack of housing, so serious that to cities like Heidelberg no one is allowed to move unless by an exchange of apartments under which some Heidelberger moves to the city from which the new person comes. The municipalities rigidly reserve the right to quarter strangers upon any householder or apartment-dweller who in their opinion has too much space. In Baden-Baden the owner of one large estate has had nine families quartered upon her property.

All of this would be enough to render hopeless almost any people. Yet the improvement in morale and courage in Germany is everywhere noticeable. There is more cheerfulness and vastly more resignation; there is much more evidence of wealth and prosperity. There are, of course, many who have wealth—those who coined money during the war or were able to hold on to large estates or had money abroad, chiefly bankers and manufacturers. The dailies that were so near disaster in 1920-1923 now have the look of success and progress. Their circulations are increasing; their advertising is excellent. They are far more hopeful in their tone, especially those devoted to the republic.

The entrance of Germany into the League of Nations,

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the steady cleaning up of the economic situation after the inflation folly, the extraordinarily rapid reconquest of the seas by German shipping, the increased activity of the shipyards, the prosperity of the railroads, which carried 33.6 per cent more passengers in 1925 than in 1913, the host of new inventions, the great combinations in trades forced by the Dawes plan, and now the international iron and steel cartel—all of these give the press opportunities in plenty to cheer up their readers. They do not, of course, dwell upon the seriousness of the evils that will follow in the train of these enormous combinations of capital and of the coming in of huge sums of foreign capital through which great mines and large industrial companies are passing directly over to American or other ownership—America has already invested $900,000,000 in Germany since the war. The superstate of German industrialism grows by leaps and bounds and promises work for more and more. In connection with unemployment it must not be forgotten that great numbers of *rentiers* and retired persons are now working who never worked before; that the war brought masses of women into industrial life and 600,000 men who formerly were absorbed by the army and navy must now be provided for in private enterprises.

Work, work; it is the gospel of work which is saving Germany, as well as civic discipline and the determination to rebuild the fatherland and restore it to the pinnacle it once occupied. Still it remains a marvel, this sudden liquidation of the war mentally, this acceptance of the inevitable. Let no one think that it has been achieved without cost. The price Germany has had to pay for her Kaiser and his criminal mismanagement of her foreign affairs is apparent on every hand. The aspect of the people one sees bears eloquent testimony to this. There used to be handsome men, especially in uniform, and handsome women in Germany. Now one sees them not at all. The crowds appear coarsened; never a beautiful people, they seem positively ugly, and as if to show their desire to be nothing else innumerable men shave their heads so that they are as bald as eggs. The women wear costumes far out of style; if they ever displayed taste in dress it has disappeared. The aesthetic side of life has for the present gone by the board.

Sport has taken a tremendous hold. There is a nation-wide movement to substitute gymnastics for the old military drill and a determination to follow the Greek example, but for the present the cult of beauty is dead. Dire national need and suffering for twelve long years have made it impossible, have destroyed refinements, the things that charm and grace, by taking away the means and leisure necessary to them. Music still flourishes and art too; the theater fights its way on. But for the present—and for years to come—it is the struggle for material existence which controls with individuals and with the various administrative units. The latter are building canals and railroads and are electrifying the country at a tremendous rate; the impelling motive is quite as much to give work to men who would otherwise be receiving unemployment pay as to increase the economic and industrial power of the country. Incidentally the republic is strengthened thereby.

The German Republic? It has gained greatly in three years. In 1923 one could meet many people who still felt a good deal of sympathy for the Kaiser. He had blundered, yes, but he had meant well. Today one still finds monarchists, notably in Bavaria, where some people continue to believe that, despite the federal constitution, Rupprecht will be proclaimed king. But nowhere does one hear any longer regret for the Kaiser or the slightest suggestion that he or one of his sons might some day rule again over Germany. I have heard Rupprecht praised as a good sort, and the Grand Duke of Baden is still popular, but repeatedly working people have said to me that two millions of Germans but not a single member of the imperial family fell in battle. The stigma of coward attaches to the Kaiser more than ever. Even those who think him in some respects misjudged, or say he was mentally unbalanced, declare he should have died at the head of his troops. I doubt if Emil Ludwig's brilliant study of the Kaiser, as utterly destructive of him and his pretences as any anti-German foreigner could possibly ask, could have had three years ago the success it has just achieved. In the more severely critical discussions of the old regime one finds everywhere the clearest proof of the ground lost by the monarchists and won by the republic. To this Ludendorff has contributed not a little by showing himself a weakling in his beer-cellar revolt in Munich and a man utterly destitute of political sagacity, one might almost say of common sense. He has destroyed his own great reputation while Hindenburg has kept his and, barring one very bad error, has set an admirable example of a national executive who can keep his mouth shut. Ludendorff's divorce and remarriage, and the revelation that in the critical days after the war he was busy shipping some of his fortune out of the country in direct violation of law, have all helped to deprive him of popular respect. With him the old order suffers.

Time, of course, aids the republic and so does the order within its boundaries. There is no longer any torture like the Ruhr invasion to upset the people; the French are behaving better, and there is the promise that all the occupied territories will soon be free, that Eupen and Malmedy will be repurchased and the Saar freed from the menace of a change of nationality. The adoption of the Locarno treaties; the admission of Germany to the League and its Council; the amazing prospect of a real Franco-German peace—even if it is only a prospect—and the alliance between German, French, Belgian, and Luxemburg steel and iron magnates have all heightened the prestige of the republic. Every month that passes strengthens it. Every year new voters take their places who have known nothing else since their period of maturity. In Germany, too, nothing succeeds like success. If Stresemann—whose great development as a statesman must be admitted even by those who dislike his personality and his manners—achieves the concord with France, with the aid of Hindenburg's quiet and steadying influence, it is hard to see what grounds the Nationalists and monarchists and extreme conservatives will have for their opposition, especially if economic conditions continue slowly to improve.

The great industrialists themselves are holding out olive branches to organized labor. One of their chief spokesmen has publicly urged the entrance into the government of labor—a remarkable change of heart which bodes great things for the future of German industry, as does also the extraordinary discovery of a means of obtaining all of Germany's oil and lubricants from coal and coal derivatives which would, some bankers believe, in five years render Germany free from dependence upon America, Rumania, or Russia for oil and gasoline now costing her hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. One no longer hears grumblings that things weren't so terrible under the monarchy.

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The Communists are steadily losing ground and influence. The bitterness of party strife is, perhaps, less intense. Fortunately the long list of political assassinations seems at an end. If the Reichstag still suffers from a surplus of parties and the politicians are mostly selfish and lacking in vision, if the ministry is still without a strong, harmonious, and homogeneous majority—why, the republic still lives and has for all time demonstrated its right to live by its Locarno treaties and the possibility of that real brotherhood of France and Germany which nature intended.

There are dark sides, of course, besides the dreadful individual suffering and the hundreds of thousands of existences utterly warped or ruined by the war. The purely political situation is none too good. There are many reforms needed. There is endless reconstruction still to be done. The sense of gross injustice to Germany in the matter of the war guilt has not wholly disappeared and will not until the sole-guilt charge is disposed of, until many others besides Briand testify to German gallantry in war, and recall that war spells atrocities on all sides. The working classes are bearing a frightful burden and must not be further depressed if they are to retain decent living conditions. If bad times should come, there will again be grave trouble.

There is no millennium in sight in Germany. Her fundamental governmental problems are still to be solved. She is erecting under foreign duress an industrial Juggernaut which may prove to be more threatening to popular government than is the case anywhere else. My point is simply that for the hour Germany is facing to the front, is bearing almost intolerable burdens stoically, and is progressing steadily. She is paying a terrific price for the past but she is accepting that as something as inevitable and as scarcely more worth discussing than the rising of the sun. If she can continue in this spirit, if her admirable self-control and readiness to work should last, if the public order continues and the narrow partisanship of politicians sinks into a genuine desire to place country above party, if there are no baleful outside influences like the collapse of the franc, and if nature is normally favorable, there seems no reason why in fifteen years her economic and financial soundness should not be beyond question. The Germans are winning by the arts of peace what they lost in war. They seem to be demonstrating anew how sweet as well as bitter may be the uses of adversity.

William Green's Convention

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

DETROIT was William Green's convention. It showed his weakness, in which lies his strength as an incumbent of his office. He can continue to lead the American Federation of Labor as long as he follows the hard men on its Executive Council—Tobin, Duffy, Rickert, Fischer, Woll; as long as the heads of the Big Three Internationals—the miners, the carpenters, and the electrical workers—think he is safe. At Detroit they all tested his strength. They found him weak. They are for him.

Green does not look the professional labor leader. At close range one can note the honorable tell-tale complexion of the miner, slate-blue spots shot indelibly deep under the skin. Otherwise the president of the A. F. of L. looks like a conservative, somewhat old-fashioned, prosperous business man. His features are close together in a broad Welsh face: the eyes are small, nondescript, kindly enough; an upturned but not pert little nose; a cherubic little mouth, which tremulously and a bit indignantly puckers when Green is worried.

For eleven days he sat in the chair and listened to the reports of the various committee chairmen—Tobin, Woll, Duffy, Rickert. They reeled off the resolutions mechanically, but they read their own recommendations with gusto. Virtually all these recommendations were adopted. Now and then a delegate would get up, in congressional fashion, to elaborate his philosophical agreement with the machine—for the record. Now and then someone would courageously move for the substitution of an "if" for a "when." Now and then someone would protest a little, but rarely with his vote. As each question came before the house, Green would rise, incant the suffrage formula, and then duly hammer the vote into the record.

There was a multitude of petty resolutions, not worth the time: the convention costs around $100,000. The more liberal ones are traditional. The most important resolutions were those on Passaic; on the shorter work week; on the organization of the automobile industry and the open shop in general; on the company union; and on the Russian and Mexican questions.

The convention voted in favor of increasing the pensions of Civil War veterans' widows. The Citizens' Military Training Camps were indorsed, as good calesthenics. A nobly vague gesture against race discrimination tactfully ignored the bars which the overwhelming majority of the crafts put up against the Negro. The injunction was deplored. The direct primary was indorsed. Fascism was disadvantageously contrasted with nonpartisan political action. A fair trial for Sacco and Vanzetti was demanded. One or two jurisdictional disputes were skirted.

Occasionally there was a set speech by some harmless lobbyist. Spencer Miller, Jr., of the Workers' Education Bureau, which enjoys more the official than the financial indorsement of the A. F. of L., delivered his annual remarks on what he called "the old, old story of workers' education." The only new feature he might have reported was the bureau's acceptance of $25,000 from the Carnegie Corporation. He didn't.

Passaic was a ticklish problem. At the invitation of Thomas F. McMahon of the United Textile Workers Rabbi Stephen S. Wise came on from New York to testify that the Communist background of the strike has been rendered absolutely *kosher*. In deep rolling basso, with lifted face and arms, the rabbi defied the Detroit Chamber of Commerce, Moscow, and the mill barons. He thundered for three-quarters of an hour in the style of Cecil de Mille's notion of the Prophet Isaiah. He did an excellent job. The convention voted support for the strike. And Rabbi Wise made it possible for Max Hayes of the Typographical Union to force a collection on the floor which yielded almost $1,300. Several international unions pledged definite sums.

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Green originally had hoped to put through the forty-hour week. The Executive Council, fearfully, changed it to a progressively shortened work week. But the administration did come out for an unlimited per capita tax to fight company unions. The administration is afraid of the company union. Its fancy features render the unintelligent worker too conservative even for the old trade union, and it teaches the radical worker the absurdity of craft separatism.

In its fight against the open shop the machine was more careful. The truth is that the A. F. of L. is spiritually too exhausted for straight organization work. It is for this reason that it, unconsciously, is attacking the automobile industry. The steel industry, ripe for organization work, it is avoiding like the plague. Ford and the General Motors do not employ craftsmen but human automata which are practically unorganizable under the A. F. of L. structure. To facilitate the organization of these industries the Executive Council has temporarily suspended jurisdictional divisions. Only *after* the organization of these automatic industries, the shop-craft officials are to determine whether the man who tightens a series of nuts is a machinist or a sheet-metal worker.

So much for the business of the convention. And now for the fireworks. These were innocently started by Lee Terrill, industrial secretary of the Detroit Young Men's Christian Association, who invited Green to speak. Whereupon Charles B. Van Dusen, a big five-and-ten-cent man, the president of the Detroit Y. M. C. A., withdrew the invitation. His reasons were lucid: Detroit is open shop and proud of it; all labor leaders are revolutionists; Mr. Terrill is a "mere employee" and, incidentally, the Y. M. C. A. is trying to raise $5,000,000.

Such clarity of vision no doubt got Mr. Van Dusen to the top of the five-and-ten-cent profession. But any Y. M. C. A. issue is also a church issue. And the liberal clergy does not see things quite as clearly. Dr. Lynn H. Hough, for instance, in an impassioned address shook his finger into the face of the secretary of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce and exclaimed in truly magnificent rage: "Louis XIV said, I am the state; but he never dared to say, I am the church!" Little did simple Louis dream of the power of a five-and-ten-cent magnate.

The Y. M. C. A. fiasco led indirectly to the Sherwood Eddy affair. Sherwood Eddy is an important International Y. M. C. A. official. He is also strongly in favor of Russian recognition; and so is Albert F. Coyle, editor of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Journal.* Mr. Coyle is anxious for an official labor commission to visit Russia. Accordingly Mr. Coyle, through friends of friends of friends of Green, maneuvered Mr. Eddy to the platform. Green did not want Mr. Eddy to speak. Gompers never would have allowed Mr. Eddy to speak. From his own point of view, Green was weak in granting his permission.

Tom Tippett of the Illinois Miners reported at the press table before Mr. Eddy's speech that he happened to overhear the arrangement. It tallies exactly with Mr. Eddy's version. Mr. Eddy was to speak on his European trip, with emphasis on his experiences in Russia; he was to avoid the "controversial" issue of recognition. Mr. Eddy spoke practically on nothing but Russia, and with such crusading fervor that his own stand on recognition could not be mistaken. He also advocated the sending of an American fact-finding labor commission.

Several hours later Green decided to remember that Mr. Eddy was not to mention Russia at all. When the resolution for Russian recognition came up, the Eddy affair developed into the preface for the debate. Max Hayes, "Tim" Healy, Andrew Furuseth, and John P. Frey had their say—pro and con. John L. Lewis got up. Powerful, picturesque, 220 pounds of capable ruthlessness, he calmly and impressively began to portray a picture. He boldly admitted, by implication, that he had some one steal a private letter which Mr. Coyle had sent to Powers Hapgood of the United Mine Workers. And who is Coyle? asked Mr. Lewis. He answered: Coyle is the man who maneuvered Eddy into this convention; he is the man who wants a labor commission to visit Russia; he is the editor of the official organ of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, "a scab-herding and strike-breaking organization" which operates non-union mines; and he is a Communist conspirator.

In this private letter Mr. Coyle pledged his support to John Brophy's campaign against Mr. Lewis for the presidency of the United Mine Workers; he expressed the hope that $30,000 might be raised from "a few wealthy friends" to start the *National Miner,* which was to be Brophy's campaign organ and to advocate a progressive program among the miners. Mr. Coyle was to name the editor of this organ, and indeed proceeded to name for assistant editor a man who had "gone steadily to the left until now he is one of Jay's best friends." "Jay" is Jay Lovestone, of the Workers' Party.

Mr. Lewis sat down. When he had completed his picture of Messrs. Eddy and Coyle acting as the sinister agents of Moscow, and pointed to William Z. Foster in the gallery, the correspondents of the big dailies did an unusual thing. They laughed long, loud, and heartily. But this is what Mr. Lewis's picture did for the A. F. of L. machine, and especially for Mr. Lewis: There will be no official labor commission to Russia; the Russian bogy, of which rather little was expected, proved more effective than ever in driving the convention to the Right; Russian recognition was of course defeated; the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was shown up in a very bad light; John Brophy will have to dig coal; and all opposition to Mr. Lewis within his own union has been effectively scattered for some time.

Disaster Loves Workers

By HOLLACE RANSDELL

A PRETTY, cream-colored building stands on the smooth lawn beside the Hackensack, New Jersey, courthouse. It is the Bergen County jail. A walk parting the lawn demurely in the middle leads up to the door of this chaste, innocent-looking structure. A sweet-faced young boy approaches to open the door as I walk up the steps. He looks like a cherub coming to throw open the gates of some paradise.

I enter and am instructed to sign my name in a large book. A man with a kind expression leads me to another room. He speaks to me gently and points out a door labeled "Visitors' Booth." I go in, the door closes behind me, and I find myself inclosed in a tiny, triangular hole. One side of this triangle is made of two layers of heavy-meshed wire netting, with some half a foot between the layers. The netting is reinforced with strips of iron. I can barely see through it.

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A man approaches on the other side of the netting. I recognize him with difficulty as the man I have come to see. He is Paul Kovac, who has been held prisoner by the police of the Passaic textile-strike district for three weeks. He comes and presses close against the netting. I do the same. I can see his face only dimly, marked into sections by the iron-barred netting. I stare at it one part at a time. I see the tortured lines around the mouth; then the unhappy eyes. He is pale, unshaven.

Kovac talks to me slowly, painfully—almost in a whisper. His voice is full of patient misery. His ribs have been kicked in by the heavy shoes of a policeman. Every breath he takes hurts him. He says little. He whispers several times anxiously: "When do I get out?"

He tells slowly, disjointedly, when questioned, how he was beaten, knocked down, and kicked by the great boots of police officials; how he was forced to drink great quantities of whiskey; how he lost consciousness and had no idea what happened then.

"I can't hear very well," he says apologetically, as he asks me to repeat what I said. "Something is wrong with one of my ears since they beat me."

He is much upset when asked about some paper he signed.

"I don't know what I signed," he says. "I was sick from the whiskey, the beating. I don't know what I signed."

A bunch of keys clank behind him. He turns away—our time is up. The sweet-faced child unlocks the outside door for me. I step outside and stand staring at the neat lawn, the peaceful white walls. I think of the broken ribs, the suffering face of Paul Kovac. Then of the kindly jail-keeper, the angelic boy, the pretty jail. And I stand and wonder at the strange ways of human beings.

Who is this man, Paul Kovac, and what did he do that he should be treated in this manner? Did he murder his wife, shoot his mother, or choke his father to death? The story is tragic and typical in the district where he lives. With his wife and three small children, Kovac lived simply but comfortably enough in a two-family house at 55 Shaw Street, Garfield. He was a plumber by trade and he also knew something of carpentry. His hands were skilful ones. He could do many useful things with them. But useful hands do not mean money. Wages were low, work often scarce, and prices high. So in spite of her three small children Mrs. Kovac had to take a job in the textile mills to help meet expenses.

When the strike came in January, after a slash in wages in October, Mrs. Kovac went out with the rest. She walked on the picket line, stood the cursing and other mistreatment of the police, and attended the strike meetings. The police came to know her and often gave her much undesired attention.

At home things were not going so badly—for a textile worker. Her husband had a job in a carpenter shop and her relatives and friends helped look after the children when Mrs. Kovac was on the picket line. Things might have been worse—as indeed they soon were. Disaster is fond of workers' homes. It visits often.

One afternoon, September 22, 1926, Wanda Jackowski, a young high-school girl who lives upstairs over the Kovacs' home, saw a crowd of eight or nine police drive up and stop in front of the house. It was a little before five o'clock, so Mrs. Kovac was not home. She was on the picket line at the Forstmann and Huffmann Mills. The police probably knew this and arranged the time of their visit accordingly.

Paul Kovac was not home from work yet. Wanda saw the police pry open the kitchen window of the Kovacs' home and crawl inside. What they did there Mrs. Kovac soon found out when she got home. The whole house had been turned upside down; closets were rummaged and drawers upset. Neighbors on both sides of the house and across the street, having seen or been told of the arrival of the police, came out on their porches and sidewalks. Some of the more curious went to look through the Kovacs' window to see what was going on there. The neighbors were still watching when Paul Kovac himself got home from work. He was met by several of the police, who handcuffed him and drove off with him immediately. Strange that such a desperate criminal should be coming home so confidently that he didn't show any signs of knowing the police were awaiting his arrival.

The next day the Passaic papers came out with screaming eight-column headlines. "Maker of Bombs Confesses—Kovac's home is found equipped to turn out explosives," read the *Daily Herald*. That Wednesday evening he was arrested was the last that was seen of Kovac for nearly a week. He and eleven others were held incomunicado by the police of Clifton and Garfield for four or five days. The lawyers for the union were refused permission to see any of them.

It was six days before Mrs. Kovac was allowed finally to see her husband. When she did she recognized him with difficulty and horror. His eyes were black and blue and swollen nearly shut. His face was puffed up like a football. Some of his teeth were loosened or broken and three of his ribs were kicked in. He was not able to talk—he just looked at his wife helplessly.

The police had given information to reporters of the local press of a deadly infernal bomb-making machine which they had seized in Kovac's house. Just what was the evidence they found when they made the warrantless raid on the Kovacs' home? A dozen neighbors who watched the whole proceedings tell what it was that the police discovered. A whiskey still in the basement and some plumbing pipes in the shed back of the house!

One has to have imagination to be a police official. The whiskey still became a deadly machine for manufacturing bombs and the pipes grew into the material of which the bombs were made. An important piece of evidence which the police neglected to mention was noted by half a dozen of the neighbors. While the police were still in the Kovacs' home, Eddie Coopers, employment manager at the Forstmann and Huffmann Mills, drove up to the curb in his car, stepped into the hall, and talked to the two police standing there. Nobody was near enough to hear what he said.

What was the agent of the Forstmann and Huffmann Mills doing in the house of a striker at such a time? Paul Kovac, to be sure, was not a striker, but, then, it was all in the family. Besides one can't torture a woman by third-degree beatings into signing the necessary papers—not even a working woman. A bit inconvenient of course, but where there is a husband to substitute, not so bad.

Paul Kovac is alone in his cell in the Bergen County jail at Hackensack, but he is not alone in his misery. Ten other men have been held for about a month on similar charges. Only one of the original twelve arrested has been released on bail. The bomb charges against him were dropped. There are four men confined with Kovac in the

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Bergen County jail—Thomas Regan, Joseph Toth, Nicholas Schillaci, and Adolph Wisnefski—held under the collective bail of $80,000. In the Passaic County jail at Paterson are six more—Tony Pochno, Paul Ozneck, Alex Costomacha, Joseph Bellemi, Charles Current, and William Sikora—held under $375,000.

What were these terrible bombings the eleven prisoners are accused of? How many people were killed or maimed and how much property was damaged or destroyed? To warrant such savage treatment and such high bail—$455,000 altogether—terrible things must have been done. What were they? Not a hair of anyone's head was injured. As for property damage, there was none worth mentioning. About the only thing these strange bombs did was make a noise. There was a series of mysterious explosions spread over a number of weeks. The last ones occurred about 10:30 on the night of September 17 and in the early morning of September 21.

Nine of the men in jail at Hackensack and Paterson are married and have children. The two others are nothing but boys. Tom Regan is twenty-one, Joseph Toth is only eighteen. They all have excellent records in the community. Some of them are prominent strike leaders.

There may be some doubt in the minds of the union strikers about one or two of these men. It is quite likely that a stool pigeon may be among them or that one or more spies working within the union has involved the strikers under arrest in something unknown to them. A brief survey of attempted frame-ups in the past will show that these are the usual tactics of the companies' agents. The textile mills in the Passaic district are notorious for their company spies and hired detectives. To mention only one frame-up a short time ago, there was the attempt of a hired detective agency to mix Albert Weisbord, former strike leader, in a scandal with a woman he had never heard of. The New York *World* exposed this trick and it ended in ridiculous failure.

The present one, planned more skilfully and on a bigger scale, has so far been successful. The local union of the United Textile Workers of America, now in control of the strike, has only common sense and justice on its side. What do such things amount to when opposed by the power and wealth of the mill-owners?

Afternoon of a Queen

By TANSY McNAB

I HAVE come to America because I love you as the miner loves the nugget. I love thy rocks and rills. I love your Shipping Board and Jimmy Walker and the directors of the Packard Company and the publicity man of the Pennsylvania Railroad. . . . Charmed, Mrs. Astorbilt. Delighted, Mrs. Van Sturtevant. Entranced, Mrs. Cohen. . . . One genuine 24-karat princess! Step up, gentlemen. Going, going. . . . I attribute my complexion wholly to the constant use of Hokum's Cold Cream. $10,000. . . . At three p. m. Her Majesty will sob silently, in native costume, in front of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier before 8,367 photographers. . . . I want to see all the beloved spots of your marvelous country. I want to see the homes of Buffalo Bill, John Alexander Dowie, of DeWolf Hopper's former wives. . . . My perfect teeth are the result of using Nodecay Dentifrice five times daily. $8,000. . . . Her Majesty will positively appear at the Sesqui Stadium Thursday afternoon and evening, under the auspices of Tex Rickard. Ringside seats $30. . . . A princess with great blue eyes, whose life stands before her, an adventure not yet lived. Going, going. . . . I believe in the old-fashioned domestic virtues of your Washington and Franklin. Home comes first. . . . . Her Majesty has agreed to spend one day in Hollywood, appearing in three shots of Cecil B. Silly's absorbing drama of royal life, "Hotsy-Totsy." $25,000. . . . I find a refuge in a simple home life from the ugliness of crass materialism. . . . By exclusive arrangement Her Majesty's 3,806 frocks and underthings will be photographed at 6 p. m. by William Randolph Hearst. . . . During the dark days of the war, when we were sustained only by the substantial promises of financial support (get that) of your Great Moral Leader, I walked many a weary mile to get a Camel. $6,000. . . . A genuine, A No. 1 princess. My own cheild. Going, going. . . . At 6:30 p. m. Her Majesty will pose with Peaches Browning exclusively for the *Daily Mirrow*. . . . I consider no meal complete without an afterchew of Riggily's Gum. $9,000. . . . Uncle Shylock, indeed! I would say Uncle Bountiful.

In the Driftway

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to a recent dispatch from Portland, Oregon, as follows:

> In a search for peace and quiet, and in an attempt to free themselves from "the eternal grind of America's civilization," Paul Handloss, his wife and their four children, and Leroy Rappe, seventeen years old, are dropping down the Columbia River to the sea today in their forty-foot sailboat, Pearl H, bound for Tahiti in the South Seas. They left Portland yesterday with two months' provisions on board.
>
> In a haven of the Southern Pacific Handloss says he will continue his studies of art and literature, begun in Germany. "There we can settle down," he said. "There we can think. I can study once more my art and literature, and once more I can be a free man."

* * * *

THEREUPON the correspondent asks: "Is there no other escape from high-pressure business, from standardization, the motley mob, the noise, the smoke, the dirt, and the foul odors; the confusion, the congestion?" The significant phrase in this question is "no other escape." It implies that Paul Handloss has found one way out. But has he? The essence of the discussion, the Drifter surmises, is right there. Current literature and conversation is full of this demand for "escape," and it is remarkable how many persons naively think the solution lies in running off to sea, especially to the South Pacific. William McFee says that he receives numerous letters from persons who assume that the main qualification for success at sea is dislike of or unsuitability for life ashore. He scouts the idea that there is any "escape" at sea and wisely observes that a passion for adventure is no indication whatever of aptitude for the career of a sailor. A sailor's life, more than almost any other, imposes discipline and demands dependability. The anti-social type is not likely to be happy aboard ship, nor is unsuccess ashore a favorable preparation for mastering the complicated and exacting technique necessary to following any branch of work afloat.

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OF course it may be argued that Handloss is not seeking a career aboard ship but merely using a boat to get him to the South Seas, where he expects to lie down under a palm tree and live happily forever after. Even so the sea is a hard taskmaster and will exact more resource, energy, and courage of Handloss before he reaches that beckoning palm tree than is asked of the ordinary man ashore. And what of the palm tree? The Drifter surmises that there is more mythology about that palm tree than in all the advertising pages of our popular periodicals—which is saying much. Unless Handloss has more than two months' provisions, or a supply of money that will procure them, he is not going to have a mint of time for pursuing his studies of art and literature. And what good would it serve if he should? If Handloss is correctly quoted in saying "Once more I can be a free man," the Drifter defies him to specify when, for how long, and under what circumstances he was ever a free man before—unless he was serving a term in jail.

* * * * *

THE Drifter would not disparage a reasonable desire for adventure. But a thirst for adventure is not the same as the much-discussed desire for "escape." A thirst for adventure implies an avid pursuit of life; a desire for "escape" is a retreat from it. The Drifter doesn't believe that any problem is solved by running away from it. That sounds like Sunday-school doctrine, but one must give even the devil his due. Somewhere within the Tower of Babel there must be a chance to work out a measurably sane and satisfactory life without embracing all the current follies and futilities—or there is no possibility anywhere.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Disguised as Itself?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your Fall Book Number Mr. Hobson speaks of nationalism masquerading as patriotism. How much of a masquerade? What is the genuine difference between nationalism and patriotism? It looks to me like the difference between liberty and license: as much of it as you like is liberty, as much as you don't like is license; similarly, whatever of the present phenomenon Mr. Hobson likes is patriotism, whatever of it he doesn't like is nationalism—isn't that it?

Ballard Vale, Mass., October 15 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Should Actors Be Themselves?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although I have a profound admiration for your Mr. Krutch, one of the best two dramatic critics in New York, I must quarrel with him for his defense of Gordon Craig's ideal actor: the puppet. Mr. Krutch desires the poor actor to be a cerebral puppet, a "marvelously articulated puppet," with a "conscious control of the voice and the body." He evidently disapproves of that vain egoistical creature, the player who dares to display his own quivering personality to a gaping crowd.

Great actors and actresses have always, thank God, exploited their personalities. Both Reinhardt and Stanislavsky have built up superb acting companies by letting the individual players express their personalities. One of the best examples of how the Craig-Krutch theory and the Reinhardt practice work out was revealed last week when the Theater Guild produced Werfel's "Juarez and Maximilian." I have seen the Reinhardt production three times, and the Guild production twice. In the Reinhardt production each player was himself as we had known him in other plays; at the same time he managed to be the character represented. So wonderfully was personality fused with the tragic spirit of the play that one could not imagine a more perfect performance. In the so-conscious control of Fifty-second Street we find the thrill of exploited personality and genius lacking.

New York, October 16 P. BEAUMONT WADSWORTH

Courtin' Night in Arkansas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the backwoods of Arkansas, bottoms or hills, Saturday night is courting night. Absolutely no ifs, ands, or buts about it, a young man goes courting Saturday night—rides or walks. Very, very few have even Fords.

And in the bottoms the mud is deep, black, and sticky. To bog down means something during high water. Dead Man's Slough came by its name naturally. A schoolmate of mine, grown up, was drowned trying to ford Poteau. He wasn't going courtin', but he might have been, had it been Saturday night. Evening is after dinner (noon), night after sundown (supper).

Grass is seldom killed by frost. 'Long in the fall, about cotton-picking time, it turns a pea-green, then brown. About all one can see, especially in the bottoms, is grass and cotton and cockleburrs.

My Arkansas stuff has been well liked lately. I hope youens like thisun:

"It's pea-green grass an' white-bole cotton
An' thick black mud in Poteau bottom."
He's singin' when—he loped in view
An' kept right on till "Howdy do."
Back water's up—horse-high an' past—
In Dead Man's Slough, an' risin' fast.
"An' Bender creek?" he asked, with a smile:
"Out of its banks—good half a mile."
"Gee whiz!" he said; "it's sure a fright;
Gotta see my girl; it's Sat'rd'y night.
"Croppy, ol' hoss, if you bog down
We'll not get through; perhaps we'll drown;
"I know a girl that'll miss a kiss—
Gimme a chew of Granger twis'."
He hitched his belt an' took a chew
An' rode off singin' as all fools do:
"Mistletoe bough in a high elm tree
Fingerin' stars that wink at me."

Kansas City, Mo., October 16 HILLIARD WIGHT

What About Florida?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Who is Stella Crossley, anyway? Not that anything she says is untrue; but she has neglected to speak the whole truth. Of course the damage was "minimized"—by State and city officials, by the press, by the Red Cross itself. That was because first reports were so inordinately exaggerated. According to the first stories, Miami was wiped out of existence. Most of its buildings stood through the storm with little serious damage. The news left but one building standing in Hollywood; all of the large buildings are still there, more or less damaged. The same is true of Fort Lauderdale. Tampa did suffer "comparatively" little, as did West Palm Beach. The roof blew off our garage and one of our windows blew away, but there was no loss of life in the whole city, and most of the damage was of the same minor sort. I call that comparatively little, and I am not in the real-estate business or dependent upon the tourist trade. There were some 400 people killed, there was

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some $100,000,000 of property damage, and there are still thousands homeless. That should be enough to appeal to the sympathies of the American people and to procure funds for the Red Cross relief. The hurricane was bad enough, but why make it worse? There was no danger of minimizing the damage in the eyes of those who were here and saw the horror of it, but there was danger that the refugees would be headlined into the belief that they were sorry objects of commiseration who could not help themselves.

One must admit that there was not enough attention paid to the Negroes; unfortunately, there never is. No doubt many of them were killed or drowned in the Everglades region whose bodies were never found or counted, but were left mercifully buried in the mud. Everybody went to work, white and black, and there was little necessity for forcing anyone. At West Palm Beach the American Legion and the Red Cross had been working night and day, collecting food and clothing, transporting it south, taking care of refugees, nursing, bandaging, matching up babies and parents. The Seaboard station was badly littered and dirtied from the canteen service which had been maintained there constantly since the arrival of the first train-load from Miami. They wanted someone to clean it up, and they telephoned the police station. Within half an hour a gang of Negroes was at work, and the station was cleaned. They sang, they didn't get paid, they didn't complain. The police lieutenant said: "Whenever you want any nigger labor for relief work, just let me know and I'll *confiscate* it."

HARRIS BERLACK

West Palm Beach, Florida, October 17

When Patience Is Iconoclasm

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As Glenn Frank states, President Eliot was not only a builder but also an iconoclast. He was not afraid to call attention to defects in our own country—the country which many have urged us to regard as always right. In the spring of 1912, upon his return from China, he addressed the Harvard Economic Seminar. At the close of his talk he was asked: "Do you not think that China has proved that she cannot maintain a republic, since after seven years she has not been able to establish an adequate currency?"

"Well," came the reply, "I think we should regard China with considerable patience. You remember that it took the United States thirteen years to establish a currency and that during the sixties it was far from sound."

New York, October 1 LLOYD M. CROSGRAVE

Something in a Name

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the Sesquicentennial of our young republic, semi-sesquicentennial of the New York *Times*, and your editorial mention of the propaganda capacity of news columns: Should we not also remember the new "Encyclopaedia Britannica"? In its map of 1926 Oslo is Oslo, Czecho-Slovakia is Czecho-Slovakia, but Leningrad is "Petrograd (Leningrad)," with the lie quite bold and the unwilling parenthetical admission quite faint.

New York, October 8 J. B. C. WOODS

Henry Timrod

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am preparing a study of Henry Timrod and shall be deep in the debt of any readers of yours who will point me to or send me copies of Timrod's letters and manuscripts, and of letters in which he is mentioned by members of his literary group—Simms, Hayne, Legare, etc.

New Orleans, La., October 16 LESTER HARGRETT

·U·S· A Study in Democracy
By H. E. BUCHHOLZ

"Here is an investigation into American politics that will repay careful reading."—The *Syracuse Herald.*

"Mr. Buchholz, it appears, still retains a certain amount of faith in the democratic theory, but democracy as it is practically encountered in this world only depresses him. More than three-fourths of his book, in fact, is given over to a bitter recital of its failures. He then proceeds to present his remedy. There is, it quickly appears, nothing very revolutionary about it. He does not propose to overthrow the Constitution or even to change the laws. . . . All he proposes is that it be brought under better control than in the past—that the civilized minority of men . . . assume a censorship over its processes, and, above all, over its chosen agents. So far, of course, there is nothing new. Every reformer since Jefferson's time had bawled for the same thing; it is the cornerstone of every democratic Utopia. But Mr. Buchholz, after all, has something new to add to it, and that something has the merit, at least, of being simple and practicable."—H. L. Mencken in *The Nation.*

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Books

The Seventh Veil

By GEORGE STERLING

Life, in a burst of music mad with bliss,
Ran dancing from the shadows where she slept,
And like the sunlight on wild water leapt—
Careless of Time and his betraying kiss.
And one by one her gleaming veils unwound,
Until she whirled untrammeled in her grace,
With light alone on bosom and on face
And thighs uplifting to the viols' sound.

Till at the last, mysteriously pale,
She loosed her forehead of the seventh veil
And all the nimbus of her hair sprang free;
Whereat the music faltered, and in awe,
Full on that enigmatic brow we saw,
Moon-white, the eternal brand of leprosy.

First Glance

BETWEEN two men who in our day have pursued the image of perfection through the making of fine books there is a great and interesting difference. Between William Dana Orcutt and the late Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson, indeed, there is to my mind no resemblance at all—though both have loved the same thing without limit, though both have achieved distinction in their craft, and though while Cobden-Sanderson lived they knew and respected each other. The difference between them is measured by the difference between two books now published from their pens.

Mr. Orcutt's "In Quest of the Perfect Book" (Little, Brown: $5), an account of the enthusiasms which have sent him over the earth, and particularly over Italy, after specimens of the thing he loves, is engaging and infectious. His descriptions of great printers—Gutenberg, Jenson, Aldus, Etienne, Plantin, the Elzevirs, Baskerville, the Didots, William Morris, and Cobden-Sanderson himself—are exciting, and the numerous reproductions he gives of pages from their masterpieces must put any reader in his debt. But the story stops there. We are not moved to ask why he is interested in these things, the reason being apparent—he is a professional. He talks breezily about his passion; he has the complacency of an expert. Should he ever find the perfect book, we may be sure, he would be satisfied that he had come to the end of the world.

For Cobden-Sanderson there was no end of the world. Though he dreamed of perfection he never dreamed of finding it, and had he dreamed of finding it he would not have dreamed of finding it in a book. The binding and printing of beautiful books—and few books in the world are more beautiful than those he issued first from his private workshop and later from the Doves Bindery and the Doves Press—made only an incident in his career, which was devoted neither to the designing of pages nor to the tooling of leather but to reflection upon the meaning of the universe. Now in his published "Journals" (Macmillan, 2 vols.: $25) the story, a deeply impressive one, comes out. It begins in his thirty-ninth year, when, tiring of the law because it told him nothing about the meaning of things, he settled into the silence of his chambers in the Temple and pondered, read, or wrote in a ceaseless effort after peace of the spirit. His hunger was for an occupation both of his hands and of his mind which should be significant equally in London and in the cosmos, in time and in eternity. The world for him was out of joint, as it was for his master Ruskin. It had grown unaccountably cruel and ugly. Men conducted their little affairs below in strange ignorance of the stars and of the extent of space. What should he do? He married Anne Cobden, his unmailed letters to whom fill some of the most interesting pages in these two volumes; he lectured and wrote for Socialism; he accepted Mrs. William Morris's suggestion that he take up book-binding; he became famous in a very few years. At no time, however, were these enough. There were his aspirations toward the cosmos, there was his never satisfied desire for orientation in the largest thinkable scene. Thus the "Journals," wherein for the health of his private mind he entered the details of his soul's longings and adventures side by side with records of his contracts, his meetings with great persons, and his progress in a certain manual art. It is perhaps a unique story. At any rate it is the story of one who did something supremely well because he wanted to do something else better.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Indian's World

L'Art et la philosophie des Indiens de l'Amérique Nord. Par Hartley Burr Alexander. Paris: Ernest Léroux.

THOUGH Professor Alexander is primarily a student of philosophy, he has repeatedly given evidence of his intimate knowledge of the literature dealing with the American aborigines and of his profound sympathy with their world-view. The lectures here presented in permanent form were delivered at the Sorbonne in the spring of 1925 and constitute an effort to bring home to a French audience the true inwardness of Indian art and philosophy. It is a very successful essay at popularization, exhibiting once more the author's familiarity with the technical literature—including the often neglected but important sources due to early missionaries and travelers. The artistic styles of the several culture provinces are ocularly demonstrated by a set of twenty-six plates, regarding some of which the lay reader probably would like fuller elucidation than is vouchsafed in the text. The pictures made by Pueblo Indians of some of their sacred dances are especially noteworthy for the skilful suggestion of movement.

As regards anthropological theory, Professor Alexander follows the golden middle path when dealing with the favorite moot-problem of the last two decades, to wit, diffusion. While he again and again comments on the parallels between Indian and Greek mythology, and though he agrees with the best authorities in affirming some historical connection between the Old and New World folk-tales, he is far from tracing all parallels to a common historical origin. He also does well to explain that the spirit of two myths may be quite different even when there is close resemblance in their episodes taken singly.

There are, indeed, many enlightening remarks scattered through the little volume. Thus it may come as a surprise to many that the Indian's daily life was saturated with a ceremonial atmosphere, that even the routine tasks of warfare and the chase had a ritualistic as well as a utilitarian aspect for our aborigines. And again, few would suspect that the Redskin *(Peau-Rouge)*—a term for convenience' sake restricted by the author to the Eastern Woodland and Central Indians—had de-

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veloped a code of chivalry comparable with that of medieval knighthood.

The main purpose of Professor Alexander's treatise, however, is to demonstrate that the American Indian's basic thought is of a synthetic, essentially aesthetic character; and to vindicate such a world-view as against the intolerantly analytical intellectualism of our modern civilization. Here, naturally, appraisal of the Indian philosophy will be inevitably bound up with one's individual set of fundamental values. The reviewer, for one, is quite willing to acknowledge the Indian *Weltanschauung* as one of the relatively legitimate reactions to the totality of the universe. My quarrel is not with the metaphysical defense of such a position but with a conclusion capable of confirmation or refutation—I refer to Professor Alexander's insistence that such a world-view is distinctively Indian. To be sure, he does not fail to anticipate the objection that it is peculiar to primitive mentality as such. But, so far as I am able to see, his rebuttal merely revolves about a reaffirmation of his appraisal of an aesthetic (as opposed to an analytic) philosophy. In other words, the author answers that we have no right to impose upon such a system the norms of our Caucasian logic. But it seems to me that he ignores a quite different aspect of the problem. Is it true that Indian psychology provides us with a pattern of human nature wholly distinct from any other in the world? Can we fairly say that, while its elements are of the universal human type, the configuration of these constituents in the Indian soul is a thing wholly *sui generis?* I should not like to be misunderstood as asserting that the propositions here laid down by Professor Alexander are erroneous; only that he has not furnished us the proof. Had he steeped himself with equal ardor in the cosmogonic lore of the Polynesians or the speculations of Bantu sages, he might discover that each of these aboriginal cultures had a tang of its own, yet that Polynesian, Bantu, and American Indian philosophy are fundamentally alike when contrasted with Occidental logic-chopping. It is of course possible that, even from this angle, each would reveal uniqueness of outlook; but without a more intensive scrutiny it seems rash to make such an assumption. Certainly, Professor Alexander's central thesis would not be weakened if the mode of thought he is interpreting for us were found to have a wider following than his exposition suggests.

ROBERT H. LOWIE

The Quality of Reverence

Mohammed. By R. F. Dibble. The Viking Press. $3.

ONE way to write about an Arab born in the sixth century is to wrestle philologically with the skimpy and confusing records which have survived and to try to harmonize them into some kind of credible story. One way to write about a prophet is to assume that he could not have founded a great cult without being divine and then to approach his memory with the reverence due a divine prophet. Neither of these ways is the way of Mr. Dibble. He is no Arabic scholar, and he has been content to use the standard sources of information without going behind them. His book is as free of notes, bibliographies, and acknowledgments of indebtedness as if it were a novel. And far from losing himself in the mysteries of religion, he writes as secularly now as when formerly he wrote about John L. Sullivan. A passage from Gibbon, printed at the head of the first chapter, sounds the keynote of the work. Mr. Dibble might even better have quoted that greater sentence of Gibbon's concerning tolerance in Rome: "The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher as equally false; and by the magistrate as equally useful." Mr. Dibble takes his stand with the philosophers.

His history is a kind of heroic comedy. It begins with a rough, powerful account of pre-Mohammedan Arabia. It exhibits the youthful Mohammed as a neurotic not unlike the Mormon Joseph Smith. It goes on to show how the prophet gathered his disaffected followers, lived through a period of shabby brigandage, emerged in splendor, outlived his detractors and antagonists, and died in glory. Every step of the holy progress delights the biographer. Whenever he can reduce it to simple, rational terms, he unhesitatingly does so. Whenever he cannot, he no less unhesitatingly admits that "an inscrutable image looms in the mind—the grotesque, grand, preposterous, and prodigious figure of Mohammed." It is comedy, but it is heroic.

Is there a truer way in which to write about the origin of a religion? Probably not. A too purely comic attitude in the historian, or a too heroic attitude, leaves something out that ought to be included. No religion could ever have been founded without the help of superstition; neither could one have been founded without the help of heroism too. Something great as well as something mad was needed. Of both elements Mr. Dibble is aware. Even when he is most sardonically pointing out the motives which drew the scattered Arab tribes under a single banner, he is appreciating the vigor with which Mohammed urged his cause and the energy with which the followers carried it to victory. Arabia Deserta suddenly bore its astounding flower. Bedouins and city dwellers heard of it, flouted the idea, yielded gradually to the spell of the new doctrine, saw chances of profit in its code of the sword, became attached to it with a devotion which scorned, in many cases, the calculation of profit, and by the time of Mohammed's death had accepted a fresh pattern for their civilization. This gorgeous story Mr. Dibble tells robustly and shrewdly.

Understanding that reverence is a quality but not always a virtue, he treads now and then not only on Mohammedan toes but on the toes of all religionists. Of the wonders attending the birth of the prophet he says: "All these poetic fancies have been appropriately denounced by Christian scribes, who have claimed that nature would never have dignified the birth of a pagan like Mohammed with such marvelous prodigies as indubitably attended the advent and crucifixion of Christ." It is in passages like this that Mr. Dibble, amusing as he often is, commits the cardinal sin against irony of emphasizing it too heavily. The words "poetic," "appropriately," "marvelous," and "indubitably" in his sentence are only so much slag. Without them, the sentence might have satisfied Gibbon himself; with them, the sentence would have made Gibbon blush a little and look politely away. The consequence of these superfluous adjectives and adverbs is that Mr. Dibble's style is occasionally as gritty as if the Arabian sand had somehow affected it. But sand never did make a bearing run to better purpose.

CARL VAN DOREN

Squirming Romantics

The Romantic Comedians. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

MANNERS, and their ethical equivalent, morals, are a pathetic witness of mankind's hope of certainty. "We will have an eternal verity," says the moralist. "Or at least rules of the game, by which all decent people abide," says the mannerist. So simple it would be if we could freeze a smooth crust over thought and action, across which to skate in premeditated ease. But woe to the skaters—for life, flowing on below the specious solidity, works a treacherous hole here and there; or the spring freshets come and all once more is confusion. From slapstick up the intellectual game of comedy is to catch the slothfully trusting spirit when it has been lulled to trust in some formula and show that life itself is nimbler, surer, tougher than our presumptuous expectations.

It is such a game that Miss Glasgow plays in "The Romantic Comedians." Judge Gamaliel Bland Honeywell stands in

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the pale Easter sunlight at the grave of his Cordelia and feels a suspicious fluttering in his heart; behind him lie the sixty-five temperate, ordered years of living which have preserved his figure and his digestion; before him the wayward spring and Annabel with small heart-shaped face, pale gold freckles, and geranium mouth. And all about lies the simple sophistication of Queensborough, Virginia. It would be so suitable, Queensborough feels, if Judge Honeywell should console his widowed state, after a decent interval, with Miss Amanda Lightfoot, the passion of his youth, from whom he was parted by an absurd lovers' quarrel thirty-seven years ago. Miss Lightfoot, miraculously preserved in the regal splendor of a reigning belle, feels so herself in so far as a lady can feel at such a point. She has always worn blue and lavender, because they were Gamaliel's favorite colors before that silly misunderstanding cast him, on the rebound, into the arms of the virtuous Cordelia. But now, as Annabel discovers, Gamaliel's favorite colors are red and green. Suitability happens to be that last thing that will stir Judge Honeywell's heart this rebellious spring. He even cannot suppress the suspicion that when all is said, he hadn't wanted a perfect wife; he desires, contrary to both custom and reason, the things which are not good for him—the excitement of novelty, the ringing challenge of youth.

Judge Honeywell had put a fatal trust in suitability, and Amanda in faithfulness, and Annabel in passion. For Annabel of the direct younger generation is no less romantic than her faded elders, and Miss Glasgow spares none of the absurdities of her tragic renunciation of love after the defection of a youthful suitor; her resigned marriage to Judge Honeywell; and her impassioned and histrionic flight with the inevitable eligible young man, who comes by to rescue her from the position of an old man's folly. The joke is on them all—an essentially civilized, humane joke, which takes account of the fact that these are no automatons jerked hither and yonder by chance; no puppets of crude sex, but people forced to hold up their heads in the current of experience which rushes them along.

It is almost impossible to resist quoting from the smooth and sparkling pages in which Miss Glasgow turns her kind, amused gaze on one after another of the squirming romantics. Both dialogue and analysis are full of sentences that seem too good to be true, and yet are so truly a part of the fabric of the book—no mere wisecracks—that they can hardly be torn from their setting. The remarks of Judge Honeywell's loose and liberal sister Edmonia, for example.

It is this Edmonia, who followed her own realistic ways with head as well as heart, who alone seems able to get beyond the rose and purple mists of romanticism which have betrayed the rest. "You could have forgiven my committing a sin," she says to Gamaliel, "if you hadn't feared that I had committed a pleasure as well. . . . It wasn't my fault, it was my being able to get up again, that you couldn't forgive. . . . You know I always had what mother used to call a pleasure-loving mind, and I never approved of the sour kind of duty you pretend to enjoy. On the contrary, I've always believed that happiness, any kind of happiness that does not make someone else miserable, is meritorious."

"The Romantic Comedians" is a wise and a witty book.

MARY ROSS

One of the de Kovens

A Musician and His Wife. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. Harper and Brothers. $5.

THIS work is of course chiefly autobiographical. In it we see Mrs. de Koven in the midst of the Four Hundred, "whose limited scope," she does not mind admitting, "really did include what was best in New York in those days." We see her in Newport dining with two elderly gentlemen who alternately left the table to kneel at her feet, "giving me an example," as she justly observes, "of other times and other ways . . . surely more flattering than the present emancipated youth of our day has any opportunity of enjoying."

We overhear a scrap of conversation at a luncheon in her house in London where the company was "very brilliant"—an example of Oscar Wilde's wit, pronounced by Henry James to be "absolutely unique." Wilde called her a Creole. "'I was born in Chicago,' I was moved to reply. There was horror in his expression as he answered, 'Never, no, never; your parents have deceived you.'"

Mrs. de Koven is mistress of a style that ranges from the saucy to the philosophic. Her description of a gay party at Stanford White's is too long to quote, but lovers of Mr. Dooley will be interested in her theory that Peter Dunne's power was "really psychic," that he was "endowed with a larger share of that mysterious section of our being which is called the subconscious mind than is possessed by ordinary men. Thus gifted, through the open door of this inner being the reservoir of knowledge existing about us pours into their minds a never-ceasing increment of intuition." And how appealing is her plea for the spiritualistic beliefs to which she was led by Sir Oliver Lodge. "The horizon of one who believes he has seen authentic glimpses of a continuing life is wider and happier than that of the skeptic. All earthly griefs and disappointments are reduced to a relative significance and all fear of death is removed. The value of such conclusion, the help in such perceptions, need no argument."

This, one supposes, must have been the state of mind of Mrs. Whitney on that memorable day when, as Mrs. de Koven confides to us, "Her incurable malady had reappeared and I realized that she was doomed when I was shown to her boudoir to take my luncheon with her." Such a situation might have embarrassed a person of less aplomb, but Mrs. de Koven proceeds: "She reviewed her past life, telling of her blessings and speaking of her brother, who, unknown to her, had one day pinned a check for two million dollars on her pincushion. 'Was there ever such a brother?' she asked me." Mrs. de Koven leaves her answer unrecorded, but we may surmise from the context that it was in the negative.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

A Genius

My Son John. By E. B. Dewing. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

THE life of a genius is a tough nut for any novelist to crack. Up to a certain point E. B. Dewing succeeds with originality and ability. The picture of John's childhood under his amazingly vital parents is well done. The essay on "Napoleon" is a delightful stroke; but John's genius as he advances to man's estate is unconvincing. We are told about it, and John's environment should certainly evoke it; yet it is not there. A veil hangs forever over that strange shrine, his mind. The nearest approach to actual genius is in the "Letter from John Lord to his mother accompanying the first three parts of the 'Rising Tide.'" Here is felt in some degree the quality of the hero's soul. From the time of his wasteful marriage to the still more wasteful Bernice Harden, however, the life of the book retreats and John becomes a lay figure. The episode of Eva Freyne is too highly colored to startle. The butler's letters to his wife will not hold water. And John's ending, first in the pork-packing business and then from the height of an aeroplane, is unsatisfactory. The book is cleverly written. Why, then, does it fail? The author has not herself been sufficiently stirred to move us deeply. We neither love nor hate John Lord. There is a complacent varnish over him. It is not that some genius would not make such gestures; it is that we are not interested in this genius. We expected of E. B. Dewing, who has a clever and versatile mind, a more believable book.

LAURA BENÉT

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A Village Cut-Up

Up From Methodism. By Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HERE is another cry of protest, vigorously uttered, and resonant enough to reverberate throughout the farthest corners of the democracy. It comes from one in lineal descent to the bishop who brought official Methodism to these shores, and it is raised against the absurdities and repressions of what he imported. The contemporary Mr. Asbury, never very kindly disposed toward the saints of Farmington, Missouri, has at last given articulateness to a long-accumulated disgust; the result is a book cogently written, Menckenesque in tone, and calculated to even for all time to come his score with the emotion-mongers of the Middle West. "I wrote it," explains Mr. Asbury, "because I thought it was high time someone told the truth about the oppressive religious taboos which made life in the small towns so depressing." Mr. Asbury is the author of "Hatrack," the story for which a recent issue of the *American Mercury* was proceeded against.

"Hatrack," however, comes in only incidentally as a portion of one episode. In the main the book is the epic of an apostate pilgrim's progress through the stultifying valley of Farmington Methodism and the final triumph of his sinfulness in the end. That they might preserve the family heritage, the church folk sought to groom young Herbert for the ministry. They did finally convert him—statistically, that is—but secretly he remained a gaudy and incorrigible sinner. When the music subsided that night of the conversion, he left the tabernacle disgusted, bought a bottle of squirrel whiskey from a Negro cart-driver, and consumed it behind the Odd Fellows' Hall.

After that he became a spiritual loss in the eyes of all Farmington:

> I existed solely to play and raise hell generally, and for some curious reason the activity which gave the most pleasure was throwing rocks at the church or in some manner disturbing the service.

He learned to smoke cigarettes, play pinochle, "cock an appraising eye at the girls"—in fact, he became a regular cut-up! So much for at least one twice-born man.

The attacks which the writer makes upon Methodist faith and practice are no doubt justifiable. In a large measure the Methodists brought this book upon themselves. Religionists, with their assumption of cosmic importance, have been an arrogant lot and that is largely why they have come in for such a cudgeling here of late. Their quarrel should not be with the contents of the book. If they have any, it is one which literary people have too, and it has to do solely with method. The book is often petulant and colicky, written in a denunciatory manner when one of light and frolicsome satire would have been considerably more effective. It leaves the impression that Mr. Asbury has a martyr complex. Many times he falls into that error common to Methodists and atheists, the chief failing of the brethren in Farmington: that of taking religion too seriously. The literary value of the workmanship is marred by the ill humor of many passages and the animus which frequently leers through the pages. It is to be hoped that before Mr. Asbury gives us his much-needed biography of the sainted Bishop he will learn to write more impersonally and with at least periodic restraint.

CHARLES W. FERGUSON

Books in Brief

Our Mobile Earth. By Reginald Aldworth Daly. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

Richly illustrated and clearly written, this is an authoritative introduction to the earth's crust and its disturbers—earthquakes and volcanoes.

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Types of Poetry. By Jacob Zeitlin and Clarissa Rinaker. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Although the arrangement of the poems collected in this large volume is unnecessarily formal, the material presented is so copious and so well chosen that students will find it valuable in an unusual degree.

W. N. P. Barbellion. By Richmond H. Hellyar. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

The need for a study of the man whose "Journal" made such a sensation seven years ago is hardly satisfied by Mr. Hellyar's book, which though sympathetic and intelligent, is distressingly slight.

The Psalms. Translated by J. M. Powis Smith. University of Chicago Press. $5.

A new version of "The Psalms" benefiting by modern scholarship was to be desired. Mr. Smith has put into his translation everything he found lacking in the King James Bible. That that was not much, or important, does not detract from the merit of his performance, which is dignified and clear.

Life and Work of the People of England. A Pictorial Record from Contemporary Sources. By Dorothy Hartley and Margaret M. Elliot. *The Fifteenth Century. The Sixteenth Century.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 each.

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Psychoanalysis for Normal People. By Geraldine Coster. Oxford University Press. Eighty-five cents.

A brief manual intended primarily for nurses—written by a thoroughgoing eclectic who endeavors more or less to harmonize the theories of all the leading psychoanalysists. It is eminently readable but notably safe, being extremely careful to go further than most of the authorities upon which it is based would go in the direction of reconciling the implications of its science with conventional morality.

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action takes place, while at appropriate moments the clerks, telephone operators, and the like who constitute the background stream up and down the stairs within the hollow towers.

The theme of the play is not in itself original. Its chief character is one of Mr. Babbitt's humble cousins and the story of his sorry life, in the midst of all the babble about service and loyalty incident to the successful conduct of a business devoted to greeting cards and wall mottoes, is distinctly reminiscent of various plays and novels of the last few years. But, thanks in part to the structure of the play itself and in part to the mechanics of its presentation, it takes on a new force if not a new meaning. The hero is not so much a fool as a victim—the victim of a Culture which has the force of a vast organization and the weight of incalculable material resources behind it. This Culture, and not any individual person or will, is the master of the drama of which he is a part, and only by some material thing like the skyscraper which he inhabits can it be adequately bodied forth. Imprisoned in its iron walls he can do nothing except keep step with the innumerable feet which thread its endless labyrinths. Its form incloses his body, its activities absorb his mind. Pressed on from above and below he has not the time, even if he has the capacity, to criticize the ends to which he has devoted his life, and he wanders, pathetic and abused, from futility to futility. At home a querulous wife and a rebellious son remind him how important it is to keep step; at the office there is a boss who is sure that while service is service, business is also business—and besides, has not the local minister assured him that all is well, that Saul of Tarsus himself was only a great writer of circular letters?

Comedy plays over the surface, tragedy of a particularly hopeless kind lies just beneath. Here is a life too small in itself to be significant, but become imposing and terrible as the symbol of a civilization that has lost its way. The steel girders of the building reach up to the skies; the products go out to the ends of our continent; but where all else is gigantic man is dwarfed. He is trapped by nature as all men are, turned from the ends he may propose to himself by the demands of the wife and family he has somehow acquired, but in addition he has made of his civilization not an ally but an enemy. Business has become as inexorable as fate, as oppressive and as exacting as the sternest religion, something for which he exists, not something which exists for him. It catches him in its machine, chains him to its wheel, and carries him, body and mind, round and round in the same never-ending circle. Day after day his feet climb the same stairs, day after day his thoughts circle the same petty idea; and when he drops at last he is worn without having been used—merely something sacrificed that mottoes might circulate.

Nor are those above and below him more fortunate when measured on any significant scale. Master of the works and lowest subordinate are alike unself-determined, alike victims of an idea, all part of a vast sacrifice upon the altar of commerce in the course of which even the high priest immolates himself. Things are in the saddle and ride mankind, and if it has been always thus, yet never before have things so small ridden so hard. Man has been often—always, perhaps—a victim, yielding himself up to the processes of nature as well as to his own delusion, but never have those delusions been so little grand. Church and state have each in their turn been made greater than he, but it has remained for today to discover in "the firm" an institution before which it might worthily lie prostrate. Of all the religions that have oppressed mankind, none has exacted more than the religion of commerce and none, surely, was ever so sorry.

The enthusiasm which has greeted the dramatization of "An American Tragedy" (Longacre Theater) is due in part, I think, to a sort of patriotic piety. The last two scenes—the courtroom and the prison—are extraordinarily vivid and powerful, but those which lead up to them are too brief and sketchy to achieve much effect. The adapter, Patrick Kearney, seems to have approached his task with a reverence for his source which forbids him to do more than transfer to the stage the material at hand as directly as possible, in spite of the sufficiently obvious fact that so vast a chronicle could not be made into a play without complete remolding. Where Dreiser made a single locale the center of much action (as he did the court and the prison) the play is successful; where he employed simple narrative the play, in attempting to be faithful to his method, fails. Curiously enough Laurence Irving's old dramatization of Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment" opened almost simultaneously at the Greenwich Village Theater under the title of "The Humble," and illustrated how an effective play can be made of a novel if fidelity to the original is not demanded. As played by Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney, "The Humble" is a tense if, occasionally, somewhat old-fashioned drama, even though it is not at all the equivalent of Dostoevski's masterpiece.

Evidently something went wrong with the plans of the Messrs. Shubert for the presentation of the French lyric tragedienne, Damia; and they have at last interjected her into their revue, "A Night in Paris" (Jolson Theater). Damia has a rich voice and an impressive personality, but both her tragic pieces and her folk-songs prove somewhat bewildering to an audience which has settled into the mood of the revue. In the proper setting she might well equal the triumph of Raquel Meller.

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International Relations Section

A Plea for Free Trade

THE manifesto printed below, called A Plea for the Removal of Restrictions upon European Trade, was published in London on October 19.

We desire, as business men, to draw attention to certain grave and disquieting conditions which, in our judgment, are retarding the return to prosperity.

It is difficult to view without dismay the extent to which tariff barriers, special licences, and prohibitions since the war have been allowed to interfere with international trade and to prevent it from flowing in its natural channels. At no period in recent history has freedom from such restrictions been more needed to enable traders to adapt themselves to new and difficult conditions. And at no period have impediments to trading been more perilously multiplied without a true appreciation of the economic consequences involved.

The break-up of great political units in Europe dealt a heavy blow to international trade. Across large areas in which the inhabitants had been allowed to exchange their products freely, a number of new frontiers were erected and jealously guarded by customs barriers. Old markets disappeared. Racial animosities were permitted to divide communities whose interests were inseparably connected. The situation is not unlike that which would be created if a confederation of states were to dissolve the ties which bind them, and to proceed to penalize and hamper, instead of encouraging, each other's trade. Few will doubt that under such conditions the prosperity of such a country would rapidly decline.

To mark and defend these new frontiers in Europe, licences, tariffs, and prohibitions were imposed, with results which experience shows already to have been unfortunate for all concerned. One state lost its supplies of cheap food, another its supplies of cheap manufactures. Industries suffered for want of coal, factories for want of raw materials. Behind the customs barriers new local industries were started, with no real economic foundation, which could only be kept alive in the face of competition by raising the barriers higher still. Railway rates, dictated by political considerations, have made transit and freights difficult and costly. Prices have risen, artificial dearness has been created. Production as a whole has been diminished. Credit has contracted and currencies have depreciated. Too many states, in pursuit of false ideals of national interest, have imperiled their own welfare and lost sight of the common interests of the world, by basing their commercial relations on the economic folly which treats all trading as a form of war.

There can be no recovery in Europe till politicians in all territories, old and new, realize that trade is not war but a process of exchange, that in time of peace our neighbors are our customers, and that their prosperity is a condition of our own well-being. If we check their dealings, their power to pay their debts diminishes, and their power to purchase our goods is reduced. Restricted imports involve restricted exports, and no nation can afford to lose its export trade. Dependent as we all are upon imports and exports, and upon the processes of international exchange, we cannot view without grave concern a policy which means the impoverishment of Europe.

Happily there are signs that opinion in all countries is awaking at last to the dangers ahead. The League of Nations and the International Chamber of Commerce have been laboring to reduce to a minimum all formalities, prohibitions, and restrictions, to remove inequalities of treatment in other matters than tariffs, to facilitate the transport of passengers and goods. In some countries powerful voices are pleading for the suspension of tariffs altogether. Others have suggested the conclusion for long periods of commercial agreements embodying in every case the most-favored-nation clause. Some states have recognized in recent treaties the necessity of freeing trade from the restrictions which depress it. And experience is slowly teaching others that the breaking-down of the economic barriers between them may prove the surest remedy for the stagnation which exists. On the valuable political results which might flow from such a policy, from the substitution of good-will for ill-will, of cooperation for exclusiveness we will not dwell. But we wish to place on record our conviction that the establishment of economic freedom is the best hope of restoring the commerce and the credit of the world.

Signatories, with the description and business standing of each:

AUSTRIA: Oscar Berl, merchant; Dr. Otto Böhler, steel; Dr. Siegmund Brosche, chemical manufacturer; Dr. Paul Hammerschlag, Oesterreichische Credit-Anstalt für Handel und Gewerbe; Alfred Heinsheimer, managing director, Vienna Bank-Verein; Maxime Krassny-Krassien, chairman, Niederösterreichische Escompte-Gesellschaft; Dr. Arthur Krupp, Berndorfer Metallwaren-Fabrik; Julius Meinl, manufacturer; Ludwig Neurath, Oesterreichische Credit-Anstalt für Handel und Gewerbe; Dr. Redlich, ex-minister; Dr. Richard Reisch, president, Austrian National Bank; Baron Louis Rothschild, S. M. von Rothschild, Vienna; and four others.

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These signatories, fearing that passages in this manifesto can be variously interpreted, wish to make clear the points upon which they are agreed.

They believe that the state of instability and economic disorder with which European nations at present are contending

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has its origin in the consequences of the war, and, in particular, in the monetary crises which resulted from it. They believe that, in order to avoid making worse a disturbing situation, first of all the countries where money is not yet stabilized should move toward a sound currency as rapidly as possible. These countries could do this all the more easily if the economic relations between peoples could be reestablished on a basis favoring normal commercial exchange.

They think, in this respect, that the high rates or the excessive rigidity of certain tariff systems, the direct or indirect extremes of protectionism, of discrimination, or of preference, and the obstacles put in the way of international transactions by unfair transport regulations should be condemned.

They declare themselves, as a consequence, in favor of all measures which would tend to suppress such artificial barriers, which are opposed to the complete return to the economic relations between nations that existed before the war.

They are not able to forget that it is impossible for any modern state to live and prosper without maintaining commercial agreements with other states, and that as a result of the intimate interdependence of peoples, it is only by a mutual exchange of credit services and of merchandise that world economic equilibrium can finally be brought about.

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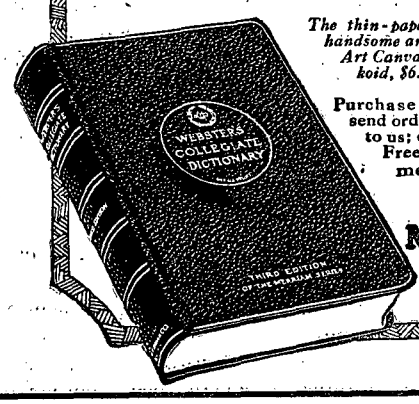

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These signatories, while signifying their agreement with the spirit which has dictated the above manifesto, wish to place on record that had it been possible for them to cooperate in the framing of the document, they would have preferred to give a different and more precise form to some of its passages. Above all, they would have liked that criticism should have been exercised not only as regards the excessive height of customs tariffs and the rigidity of customs regulations in force in some countries but also in respect of all the numerous forms of direct or indirect protection, discriminations or preferences, artificial subsidies, and restrictions on emigration. With such reservations they willingly subscribe to the manifesto.

NORWAY: Caesar Bang, president, Federation Norwegian Industries; E. G. Borch, president, Royal Agricultural Society; Sir Thomas Fearnley, shipowner; Kamstrup Hegge, managing director, Nan Norske Creditbank and president of Association of Norwegian Private Banks; Hieronymus Heyerdahl, chairman, Christiania Bank of Kreditkasse; A. F. Klaveness, shipowner; N. Rygg, president, Bank of Norway; H. Westfal-Larsen, president, Norwegian Shipowners; Wilh. Wilhelmsen, shipowner.

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CHARLES W. FERGUSON, the son of a Methodist minister, has contributed articles to the *American Mercury* and other magazines.

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